THE COMMONWEAL

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TESTING THE MONROE DOCTRINE

ON December 2, the Monroe Doctrine completes the first year of its second century—a respectable if somewhat hoary tradition to which we have clung with amazing zeal. The strangest fact of all is that the Doctrine no longer bears any clear resemblance to the original ideas of MONROE himself. That would be unimportant were it not for another fact which makes it supremely important. A new method of guiding international relations is rapidly gaining force and momentum at Geneva and will in a brief space compel us either to abandon the Doctrine entirely or bring it back to the original concept of MONROE. This is perhaps one of the most delicate and difficult foreign problems facing the new Coolidge administration.

To make this point clear, it is both essential and interesting to grasp the real divergence between the Monroe Doctrine as we now accept it and the vision which MONROE himself had of it. We may broadly paraphrase the present view by saying that the Monroe Doctrine sets off the Western hemisphere (with the exception of Canada, the British West Indies and the three Guianas) as a zone where the interests of the United States are so paramount that we should consider it an unfriendly act on the part of any European or Asiatic power to intervene for any cause whatsoever without the previous consent of the United States. The effectiveness of this policy depends on three distinct assumptions: First, that the Latin republics give it their moral sanction; second, that the European and Asiatic powers acknowledge its justice; and, third, that were it challenged, we are prepared to sustain it by force of arms.

Now the doctrine in this form and resting on these questionable assumptions is very far indeed from the doctrine originally planned by MONROE and his Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. These two men were the first to give us a definite Latin American policy. Their views were formulated after long and close study of the conditions under which Latin America won independence. In respect to their judgment and to the new conditions arising today we ought to examine their ideas afresh and determine whether they were not wiser and more far-sighted than our own.

In the first place, the general idea that the American continents should have a political system apart from Europe and Asia was even more a South American belief than our own. JEFFERSON, to be sure,

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stated it unequivocally in 1813. But many Latin Americans were working towards it as early as 1787. MONROE, therefore, had back of him the solid moral acquiescence of the Latin republics when he delivered his famous message in December, 1823. But the point we forget is that this message was an emergency measure calculated to meet the growing insolence and interference of the Holy Alliance in Europe. It was, in the minds of MONROE and ADAMS, only the first step in a program which had for its final object a Pan-American doctrine embodying the same idea but supported by the joint declaration of all the American republics and the express agreement that each would sustain it by force of arms.

This fact is so little known, and so important to any understanding of our peculiar position today, that the supporting historical facts should be clearly stated. In 1825-6, when ADAMS had become President, the Latin Republics invited us to join the first Pan-American congress on the Isthmus of Panama. For various and complex reasons, we delayed so long in sending our Commissioners that very little was accomplished. But in his message to Congress on the Panama mission, ADAMS made very clear the exact development he and MONROE envisaged for the Monroe Doctrine. Here are his words:—

> An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, *that each will guard by its own means,* against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders may be found advisable. This was *more than two years since announced by my predecessor* [in the Monroe Doctrine] as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both American continents. It may be so developed to the new Southern nations that they will all feel it *as an essential appendage to their independence.* [Italics ours.]

To make the Doctrine a Pan-American declaration in this manner would have influenced profoundly our position today. It would have made it our duty under treaty agreement to support Latin America against foreign aggression. Instead, any action we might threaten or take today would rest solely on our self-interest. We now place Latin Americans in the humiliating position of accepting our over-lordship of this hemisphere, without making them explicitly partners in an American independent system. Where is this likely to lead us?

The Latin republics are now bringing their interests to the council table of the League at Geneva, where we are officially absent. Europe and Asia are taking the place in their affairs that, under the real Monroe policy, we would still hold. The existence of an American system is henceforth a reality only in so far as our army and navy can make it real. The element of an American alliance has disappeared. We have literally handed away the political leadership which MONROE sought to solidify. Should foreign powers suddenly decide to take action against a Latin state—to collect a debt or protect a concession—our only hope would then lie in our military and in our naval strength.

Perhaps the best illustration we can draw from recent history of the moral effect of an agreement preceding military action is the defense of Belgian neutrality by Great Britain. In this case, Britain's action was applauded throughout most of the world as evidence of her good faith. She had a moral obligation to defend Belgium against the aggressor. But let us suppose for argument that there had been no Belgian neutrality treaty. Undoubtedly Great Britain would have taken the same action, but with the great moral difference that she would have had no justification other than the plea of self interest and ultimate self defense. It was clearly the motive of MONROE and ADAMS to improve the moral aspect of the Monroe Doctrine by creating a previous agreement similar in effect to the Belgian neutrality treaty. They would not have imposed upon the Latin states the status of neutrals. But had the plans succeeded, our obligation to defend Latin America against European or Asiatic aggression would have been clear and unmistakable, requiring further justification neither before foreign powers nor before the Latin Americans themselves.

We ourselves are so completely aware of the integrity of our intentions regarding Latin American territory, and of our determination to act only when we know (or think we know) that the measures we adopt are for the benefit of the whole Western hemisphere, that we frequently overlook the distressing impression created in Latin America itself by our single handed and autocratic policy. We rest smugly content in the knowledge that for the time being Europe and Asia respect our wishes. But this may not always be true. World politics generally follows world trade, and it is far from unlikely that with the growing importance of the Panama route from Europe to Asia, European capital will seek and obtain a stronger foothold in Latin America. From this may result claims and disputes of a highly inflammatory nature. Before any such event clouds the sky, we ought to consider most carefully not only our military power to sustain the Monroe Doctrine, but even more seriously the definite assurance of Latin American moral support.

It may be that the virtual establishment of a League of American Nations—which, after all, is what MONROE wanted—is now impossible. But if so, the Monroe Doctrine is equally impracticable as a moral instrument. Its foundation has disappeared. It remains quite brutally no more than a military threat, utterly devoid of the moral and political force it might have had. A clear decision by our government as to just what we shall make of the Doctrine, just how we shall apply it, and how far, if at all, we shall back it by force, would appear to be an imperative task for Mr. COOLIDGE in the next four years. To leave so serious a matter in further obscurity would quite possibly endanger world peace and still further alienate the friendship and confidence of our neighbors in the South.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, writing to Bishop LAWRENCE of Massachusetts, objecting to the election of a Catholic as a Fellow of Harvard University,makes several rather weird statements which will provide the professional anti-Catholic press and agitators with excellent material for their fulminations, but which will make informed and fair-minded people either smile at the grotesqueness of the opinions expressed, or else sadden them because of the aberrancy of a high-minded idealist, which they so grievously illustrate. Mr. CHAPMAN regards the election of a Catholic, the first and only one, among the seven Fellows "who control Harvard's destinies," as a dangerous precedent. "It is thought unkind and subversive for any Protestant to resent the claims made by the Roman Curia, or even to call attention to them," he writes. "The outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to control American education. This is one of the larger issues of our epoch. It is in the minds of all intelligent educators."

THERE are two questions of fact raised by this extraordinary passage. First, what claims have ever been made by the "Roman Curia" that have to do with American education, outside of the limits of the jurisdiction of the Church over the education of Catholics in Catholic schools? When, and where, and through whom has the "Roman Church" ever announced its "outspoken purpose to control American education," outside of the education of American Catholics in Catholic schools? Until Mr. CHAPMAN produces evidence on these points—which, however, he cannot possibly do, for the conclusive reason that no such evidence exists—his statements have no foundation save only in his own sinister suspicions. And that is what is saddening in this unfortunate episode. That an educated gentleman, like Mr. CHAPMAN, a champion of liberal culture, a writer of distinction and authority, who yet on matters concerning the Catholic Church will speak so wildly, and without any proofs of his allegations, is a painful instance of the unbalancing effects of the poison of religious prejudice. If such a man as Mr. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN can act so rashly because of mere suspicion, how can we wonder at the behavior of those "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who profiteer in prejudice by catering to the same suspicions held by thousands of uneducated, provincial people?

LATER news, published by the NEW YORK WORLD, is to the effect that four of the Harvard University Board of Overseers have announced themselves as in entire disagreement with Mr. CHAPMAN. One member, however, Mr. OWEN WISTER, the novelist, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, approves Mr. CHAPMAN's action, saying—"I welcome honest discussion on a topic so vital as the strategic control of education in the United States by an organized power alien to American ideals." The four overseers who condemned Mr. CHAPMAN's views are, Mr. ELLERY SEDGWICK, editor of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Judge JULIAN W. MACK, Mr. EDWARD HICKLING BRADFORD, and Mr. LANGDON P. MARVIN.

MR. WISTER'S statement is ambiguous. He says he would welcome, "free and honest discussion on a topic so vital as the strategic control of education in the United States by an organized power alien to American ideals." Mr. WISTER advances propositions *that are even more extreme than* Mr. CHAPMAN's. The latter only goes so far as to say that the "Roman Church" has announced "its outspoken purpose to control American education." Mr. WISTER's words, if they mean anything, mean that he takes it for granted that there does already exist, first, "strategic control of education in the United States," and, second, that this control is exercised by "an organized power alien to American ideals, which power he must mean is the Catholic Church, as otherwise the passage does not make sense. It would seem to be up to Mr. OWEN WISTER to produce whatever evidence he possesses, evidence which to other people seems to be non-existent, as proofs of these three propositions.

WHAT the Catholic Church really teaches and actually practises in the matter of education can be readily ascertained by any one willing to consider facts instead of fancies. The only spokesmen for the Church are its bishops, and those authorized by the bishops. All the bishops of the United States issued,

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in 1919, a joint pastoral letter, where their views were plainly set forth. In A Catechism of Catholic Education, issued by the Bureau of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Council, which is the authorized organization of the bishops, the teachings of the Church on all educational questions is plainly and simply digested and expressed. THE COMMONWEAL will gladly send copies of these documents to Mr. CHAPMAN or any one else who desires to know exactly what the Catholic Church has to say about education. As for those who in face of the evidence choose to believe that some sixteen million American Catholics, directed by their bishops, are so fantastically foolish as to be secretly plotting to control the educational institutions of some ninety millions of non-Catholic Americans—why, there seems to be nothing to say that's worth the saying. Mere insults should only be ignored. Hallucinations must be left to run their own course. Sensible people do not waste much time resenting the first or combatting the second.

THE ancient and honorable craft of barbering may soon disappear, sublimated by the vaporous onrush of the Uplift. The scraping of chins and the cutting of hair is becoming too sordid for the modern wielders of the razor and scissors. Barber shops began to pass when they started to imitate the pallid operating rooms of a painfully hygienic hospital. The next step apparently is to transform them into temples of a new kind of priesthood, in which faces are to be cleansed not merely for the sake of cleanliness (which once we thought to be next to godliness itself) but also in a ritual fashion that will make them become shining beacons of the soul. For the representatives of 3,000 barbers assembled in solemn convention in Chicago have decided to change their venerable name to the new-fangled title of "chirotonsor." "Our function," said the President of the association, "is to beautify and mobilize the human countenance, to make it truly the window of the human soul. That sounds like a high-flown statement but it is true. We must have a high plane of understanding. Without a code of ethics we can have no higher position than tailors or bootleggers."

THE president of the "chirotonsors" did not explain why he included tailors in the same unethical group as the bootleggers. Possibly he had recently been doing business with specimens of both classes. "Mortitians," and "realtors," and "cosmeticians," are further examples of the prevalent romantic tendency to give certain quite necessary and honest tasks titles that will enable those whose duty it is to perform them to share the pleasant illusion animating Christian Science and New Thought teachers that words change realities. The adoption of "chirotonsor" is only a further step in the direction of a general devotion to the great modern god, Blahblah. What MARK TWAIN used to call the effusion of soul butter is the favorite oblation to this deity. The canning of this soul butter in the form of idealistic speeches to be peddled among the orators at such conventions as that of the barbers, is a recognized department of the business side of the worship of Blahblah.

THE recent extension of what is called the police "deadline" in New York may seem to the casual reader of the newspapers to be only a matter of local interest. That the police should have as wide powers as is consistent with justice to deal with the increasing horde of robbers and highwaymen is unquestionably desirable. The "dead line," be it remarked in passing for the benefit of those not familiar with the subject, is an arbitrarily defined area of the city within which the police claim and exercise the right to arrest on sight and without evidence of actual wrong doing any known criminal. In Chicago, the police have decided to deal with criminals even more drastically. They propose to mete out punishment, presumably with revolvers and night sticks, without waiting for any form of court action, to all criminals caught in the act of lawbreaking.

ALL this is symptomatic of a dangerous habit fast being adopted in the United States of ignoring the orderly procedure of constituted authority and setting up a system of private and personal administration of so-called "justice." It is the extension of lynch law and Ku Kluxism on the part of the very bodies, like the police, that should be sternly denied any such infringement upon the powers of superior authority and the rights of the people. Plenty of judges, even, are falling into the same perilous habit by assuming more and more the right to inflict all sorts of arbitrary, unusual, and sometimes fantastic penalties upon those found guilty by them of various infractions of the law. Such practices on the part of private individuals as lynching parties, tar and feather gangs, are intolerably bad. Police bodies and judges should not imitate them. They should be checked in such practices as those of the "dead line," and of inflicting at their own capricious will all sorts of irritating, undignified, and humiliating penalties. If a police chief and his force cannot prevent crime, or run down criminals after the act, without resorting to usurped power and tyrannous measures, let them be turned out of office and competent servants of the public peace put in their place.

MUST THE MUSICIAN STARVE?

THE determination of the City Music League of New York to extend its activities to a national scale is thoroughly commendable. Even the newspaper account of its last meeeting, which said that the League was out "to stabilize the unusual industry and put it on a business basis," can not fully dampen our

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approval of any effort to make the life of the struggling musician more hopeful and the use of his talents wider spread. For we have a distinct, if precarious belief that America is on the verge of an era when art will discover patrons (in the good and ancient sense) and artists will be able to give joyfully of their enchantment. In serving to bring musicians and music patrons together, the League is joining in a development of national life that holds rich promise.

One still finds eruptions of that ancient hoax that the artist does his best work when starving, and to those who still believe it (and have never produced so much as an artistic pumpkin pie themselves) the notion of "stabilizing the musical industry" will be abhorrent. Endowed amateurs will also sniff the air a bit and talk of musical Babbitry. But a half way serious backward glance should dispel all fears. The finest art in world history has usually been endowed art—the consolation of patrons who for various and often rather amusing motives have enabled the creative instinct of others to ripen richly.

Take, for example, the artists of the mind, those giant intellects of thirteenth century France who fashioned a great philosophy from a turbulent semi-barbarism. They were the glowing children of endowed universities. It would be hard indeed to picture THOMAS OF ACQUIN writing chapters of the Summa in a garret and peddling five pages at a time to buy an occasional dinner. Or again, the artists of the Italian Renaissance. Would we know many of them today were it not for the Medici gold? The impulse to creative art is not to be measured by the emptiness of a dinner pail or the harassments of a landlord. It can be suffocated by luxury, but never dimmed by a decent livelihood.

For this reason we are glad to commend the work of the Music League and to forgive it the language of an advertising convention. Its plan accords, with the revival of artistic patronage which has inspired the University of Michigan, to create a life fellowship for ROBERT FROST—on the condition that he spend the rest of his life writing poetry at Ann Arbor! A nation begins to forget its stomach and discover its soul when it discovers also the eternal worth and the finer aspirations of its artists.

AN ANCIENT TYPOGRAPHY

THE type used as the model for the title of THE COMMONWEAL, was selected through a suggestion made by Mr. PORTER GARNETT, Master of the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, from whom we have received valuable assistance in arranging our typographical style. The type in question is a Roman used by the Stamperia Vaticana. Mr. GARNETT supplies us with the following suggestive note on the work of the Stamperia Vaticana, drawn from Printing Types, Their History, Forms and Use, by DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE.

For late sixteenth century and early seventeenth century types we have a valuable source book in the 1628 specimen of the Stamperia Vaticana and Camerale, founded at Rome in 1587. It is entitled Indice de Caratteri, con l'Inventori, and nomi di esse, esistenti nella Stampa Vaticana and Camerale, issued at Rome and dedicated to Francesco, Cardinal Barberini, whose symbolic bees figure on the title page, beneath an enormous red cardinal's hat. The dedicatory epistle is printed in a fine old style roman font, and the address Al Lettore (in which BROGIOTTI says that he has been the chief agent in collecting and renovating these fonts) is set in an italic which has a few striking characteristics . . .

Then follows a collection of exotic types with astonishing attributions—in which ADAM is called the first inventor of science and letters; MOSES is made to father the Hebrew alphabet; ABRAHAM obligingly devises letters for the Syrians and Chaldeans; ESDRAS is found improving the Hebrew alphabet; and PHOENIX gives letters to the Phoenicians! St. JEROME and St. CYRIL also had a hand in alphabet making; and PYTHAGORAS added to the joy of life by presenting the world with a Y. There are a good many more curious inscriptions. The serious part of the work begins on leaf 27, where some heavy roman capitals of the oldest form of old style are shown. The character called canon grosso is a fine letter with exceedingly long ascenders and descenders, resembling types cut by GARAMOND and some roman types used in Spain. This is followed by descending sizes of fine old style fonts—such as the ascendonica. The italic corsivo grosso is an interesting and varied character, full of movement and style, and probably cut by ROBERT GRANJON for the printing house. In this corsivo, the lower case z's and the final e's, the double s and the "swash" c and d, are to be looked at. The smaller sizes of roman, and especially the italic—varied by a series of capital letters for titles, etc., show a fine, even collection of old style fonts of which any printing house might be proud. Specimens of Hebrew, of some distinguished Greek capitals and Greek lower case which accord very nicely with the roman fonts, and four extraordinarily interesting specimens of plain-song music type, marked ex bibliotheca Vaticana follow, and the book closes with two sizes of a large old style letter, used no doubt with music or for the Canon of the Mass. . . The Indice is among the most interesting specimens in the history of printing, and shows the material of a seventeenth century Italian printing office at its simplest and best . . .

The Stamperia Vaticana had been founded by SIXTUS V in 1587, and, as its name implies, it was housed in the Vatican, next to the Vatican Library, looking upon the Cortile di Belvidere. DOMINICO BASA of Venice was its director, and ALDUS MANUTIUS the younger was associated with him in its affairs for some ten years, until his death in 1597.

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RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

By T. LAWRASON RIGGS

RECENT discussions of such important topics as education, democracy, the established results of science, tempt one to conclude that the avoidance of definition is a sine qua non of modern expository writing. So much of it seems a sort of game whose object is never to descend to such obsolete impertinences as the definition of terms or the use of the syllogism. Nay, these are worse than impertinences, they are stenches in the nostrils of that fashionable goddess, the Élan Vital! Perhaps they remind her unpleasantly of her dethroned predecessor, the Goddess of Reason, perhaps they suggest that the dethroning may not be permanent. In any case, the present writer chooses to risk the charge of rudeness to the Bergsonian divinity. A discussion that fails to define its terms, he submits, may be stimulating or challenging—it cannot be illuminating. This attempt to shed light on the question of religious tolerance will therefore begin with a hopelessly mediaeval "Distinguo!"

What do we mean by tolerance? Does it involve welcoming views in opposition to our own, or at least indifference to such views? The tolerant Christian, on this theory, has no desire to oppose the substitution of the Nietzschean superman for Christ as an ideal; the tolerant Catholic does not react against the statement that the Reformation is the source of all liberty and progress; the tolerant Protestant regards with equanimity the view that it was a fundamental mistake. Yet such attitudes are obviously dependent on another, namely, that the questions involved are of small importance. It should not be necessary to point out that a reasonable man cannot be "tolerant" in this sense of doctrines which he regards as errors in matters of vital moment. But it *is* necessary to do so, and one is grateful to Mr. Walter Lippmann for showing in his Liberty and the News how much of our fashionable "religious tolerance" is a mere result of the view that doctrinal differences have all the rights of guesses which are as arbitrary as they are unimportant.

Let us look at the facts in regard to economic and political doctrine. Suppose, for instance, that a university professor's deviation from the orthodoxy of laissez-faire capitalism has aroused the violent opposition of trustees to whom the capitalistic creed is the fundamental of fundamentals. One may deplore the violence, one may suspect that it indicates more prejudice than reasoned conviction; but one has no right to object to a capitalist contradicting what is to him heresy. Do we ask Senator A, a staunch protectionist, to stop attacking the free trade principles of Senator B, because the latter is the equal of the former in sincerity, patriotism, and the blamelessness of his family life? Do we invite them to forget their dogmatic differences in a common rendition of The Star Spangled Banner? If they did, our pity for their heads would exceed our admiration for their hearts—unless, indeed, our only solution of the tariff problem were an impressive "ignoramus et ignorabimus." Now the conversion of dogmatic Christians to an analogous "tolerance," desirable or not, is certainly remote. In the meantime it is unreasonable to expect from them bland indifference towards their mutual contradictions.

The next question is whether doctrinal intolerance, inevitable as long as the doctrines involved are considered vital, can be combined with tolerance of the persons with whom one disagrees. Tolerance of persons includes the wish to understand the opponent's point of view, the determination to believe in his good faith until the contrary is proved, above all the willingness to live at peace with fellow citizens of all creeds and of none, and to coöperate with them for the welfare of the common country. Unless religious differences can be combined with these things, unless American Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and agnostics can agree to disagree in this manner, religious divergence will be synonymous with civil strife, and our future will be dark indeed.

History is commonly appealed to, of course, to prove that the second sort of intolerance is inseparable from the first, that when a man contradicts the religious opinions of his neighbor it is impossible for him to give the neighbor a square deal, much less to work shoulder to shoulder with him in the tasks of citizenship. I do not think it does, and I would ascribe the simultaneous presence of both sorts of intolerance to accidental factors rather than to any inherent necessity.

In a country where the vast majority of the population is Catholic or Protestant, for instance, the few adherents of the other religions are inevitably eyed with suspicion, if not as dangers to the community, at least as eccentric and scarcely respectable individuals. The prevalent creed is bound up with national culture and traditions, there is little chance for mutual discoveries of good faith, and distorted ideas of the minority's religion are sure to pervade the popular mind. Catholics in Sweden, Protestants in Spain, must suffer these disadvantages as long as the religious homogeneity of those countries persists, for to the average Swede or Spaniard, "Catholic" or "Protestant" mean something largely fictitious.

Conditions in the United States are of course very different. Misconceptions as to each other's beliefs and sincerity by American Catholics and Protestants are not due, except in certain limited areas, to the fact that either group constitutes a small minority. If they

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exist in deplorable abundance amongst us, is it not largely because racial and social factors have complicated our religious problem?

Most Catholics in the eastern states are of Irish extraction. Their recent absorption in the disturbances of the mother country seemed not infrequently to put an alien political issue before the best interests of America and of the Catholic Church as well. But intemperate zeal of this sort should be ascribed to a racial rather than to a religious cause. True, many Irish-Americans appeared to demand political sympathy from all their coreligionists, nor did they hesitate to use the Catholic press and sometimes even the pulpit for the spreading of Irish propaganda. Their real state of mind, however, was more accurately shown by the enthusiasm with which Protestant clergymen of Sinn Fein sympathies were fêted, and by the charges of "British propaganda" made with more fervor than discrimination against visiting English Catholics. A lecture on Jane Austen by an English prelate of literary distinction was in one instance thus described! Conditions similarly illustrative of religious antagonism on a racial basis are reported by a Protestant friend. On his promotion from the post of inspector in a New England factory, his competent assistant, a Catholic of Irish ancestry, did not succeed to the position, because, in the words of the foreman, "persons of his religion don't get promoted in this department." A recently arrived English Protestant was chosen instead. "The entire town," my friend adds, "divided itself along religious lines." The real cause of the conflict, nevertheless, seems to be racial.

The disturbing force of this factor in our problem is moreover greatly increased by social conditions, since Catholics in the higher strata of American society are still comparatively rare. The situation is less marked than formerly, much less so, no doubt, than it will be fifty years hence; but at present the proportion of Catholics among Americans of inherited culture is not large.

Not a few Protestants illogically conclude that Catholicism is incompatible with breeding and social position, a prejudice reflected by those Catholics who seem to suspect the orthodoxy of their coreligionists who are not of the laboring classes. I have known of Protestant children greeting their Catholic cousins, as the latter came out of church, with taunts descriptive of their ineligibility for polite society—a naïve but significant manifestation. And I have read in a Catholic paper an attack on "Prominent Catholics" that seemed to be inspired by no sentiment more Christian than hatred of the socially conspicuous as such. What, one wonders, does the writer make of the nobile genus of half the saints in the Roman Breviary? Snobbish dislike of other classes is confined to no section of society. It is doubly objectionable when it serves to foster religious prejudice.

Realization that racial and social factors thus complicate our problem is necessary for the mutual understanding of religious points of view, an understanding which must grow if we are all to join in checking the spread of bigotry. For so long as misconceptions abound, the seeds of religious discord will take root and flourish. Protestants tend more towards positive errors in regard to Catholic doctrine—the almost universal mistake about the Immaculate Conception is an instance—Catholics, towards ignorance of Protestant views. There is need for the former to correct, by consulting the Catholic Encyclopedia or by asking well instructed Catholics, misunderstandings which, even among the educated are sometimes grotesquely false; and there is need for intelligent Catholics to be conversant with the main teachings of liberal and conservative Protestantism.

Yet all attempts at mutual understanding must fail unless accompanied by mutual trust. Thus if a Protestant has made up his mind to accept as genuine such a palpable forgery as the "Knights of Columbus oath" of recent notoriety, if he regards the Catholic who denies it as a dupe or as authorized to lie about it, exposition of the true Catholic attitude towards non-Catholics is obviously wasted on him. Yet I have known of credence given to the sorry libel by otherwise intelligent inhabitants of a New England city particularly proud of its culture. The traditional Protestant distrust of the Catholic clergy is sometimes so profound as to be unconscious. I have been gravely told of an embezzler whose confessor asked for a share of the loot as a substitute for restitution. The tale was accepted on the mere word of the detected criminal, for its hearer instinctively chose belief in the depravity of an unknown priest rather than the suspicion that a man known to be a thief might also be a liar!

Mistrust on the Catholic side is here again a less positive thing, usually a vague expectation of hostility where none exists, and due no doubt to the quasi-isolation that social and racial factors have fostered. No one acquainted with the facts could state, as a writer in a Catholic periodical has stated, that Catholics at our large universities are looked upon as socially inferior, and encouraged to atone for this by lavish entertainment of their classmates; that such Catholics, to quote the article, "are made to pay dearly for the joys of Protestant society." If many Protestants need to learn that Catholics are not taught to lie to them, many Catholics need to realize that Protestants are not taught to hate them.

The development of mutual understanding and mutual trust are indeed the only means toward that whole-hearted social coöperation which bigotry so deplorably hampers. Not that the unfortunate results of religious divergence can be wholly obliterated, even by the utmost good will. Catholics believe their Church's doctrines to be divinely revealed, and must consequently reject as error contradictions of these doctrines; Catholics, in proportion as they are thought-

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ful ones, are convinced that their differences from Protestants are neither insignificant nor theoretical, but full of profound social consequences. If the opposing body of old-fashioned Protestant theology has waned, there has grown up instead among liberal Protestants a naturalistic humanitarianism, which grows more and more aggressively dogmatic, and which is of course much farther removed from the whole Catholic Weltanschauung. Possibilities of friction must apparently remain, as long as human nature is tempted to advance the cause of what is seen as vital truth in ways incompatible with charity towards those believed to be in error. In other words, "intolerance of ideas" certainly *tends* towards "intolerance of persons." Yet, whatever imprudence or cruelty has been shown in the past by Christians of all kinds, surely no Christian is justified in letting this tendency prevail, and certainly no Catholic can find support in his Church's teachings for a zeal for orthodoxy which ignores charity, seeks to gain unfair advantages, or refuses to serve with those of different religion the country to which both owe allegiance.

It is the urgent duty of all educated Americans to join in fighting the crude intolerance which is capitalized by such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, and which has followed with hideous unexpectedness the union sacrée of the war. Such despicable enterprises flourish on the conditions which this essay would help in remedying: confusion, wilful or otherwise, of racial and social issues with religious ones—misconceptions of doctrines—mistrust of those with whom we differ. Patriotic Catholics and Protestants can unite in combating the spread of a movement so incalculably fertile in evil, not by denying their differences, but by seeing these differences as they really are, by acknowledging each other's good faith, and by emphatically resolving to strive together for their country's welfare in spite of the sad heritage of a divided Christendom.

THE SUPERCONSCIOUS

By JULES BOIS

IN AN essay on Christianity, Cardinal Gibbons quoted an inspiring sentence taken from an encyclical letter of Leo XIII, which should serve as a motto to any real psychology, not limited to the analysis of our ordinary and animal functions, and ought to be the slogan of a thorough education to be imparted to children and young men. "A power greater than human," the Pope declared, "must be called in to teach men's hearts, awaken in them the sense of duty and make them better."

"More than human," indeed is that power since it descends from Sinai and Golgotha; human still because it shines in our spiritual masters, the heroes and the saints, pierces through the man of genius, true to his mission, and could be stirred up in all of us to quicken the best of our nature. Life is often alone in charge of this initiating task; and so it becomes for us the umpire of Providence, for such a wisdom is seldom taught in our colleges and universities.

However, in the most dreadful crises of our destiny, we are saved only by this aid, which bequeaths inspiration as well as conversion, regeneration as well as power. It has hitherto been regarded as mysterious because we were ignorant of its rules.

With more ease than the mere intellectual, does the simple man without cerebral conceit and guided by his conscience, often enjoy this privilege. When we are intoxicated by vain reasoning and verbal culture, we lose contact with nature's and supernature's finer energies; we move heavily under the coat of mail woven by this material and mechanical civilization of ours. Recent generations have been called upon to choose between two snares. The one a soulless psychology, materialistic and determinist, exultantly diminishing our stature and vilifying our character; and the other a spurious metaphysics, resurging from the dust of occultism and from Asiatic fireworks—an intoxication and a mirage. Should they avoid Charybdis, the pessimistic and agnostic attitude towards life, they would run aground on the hidden rocks of over-optimism. But soon the sirens are metamorphosed into harpies; and after having believed themselves to be gods, these children of Maya awaken the prisoners of abasement and despair.

The first temptation is clothed in the stern garment of official science. If we assent, it tries to clamp us in our body, identifying our noble self with the lower. Not only does it blow out that dawning glow which every young man in his hours of enthusiasm and faith feels as though piercing through his brow; but this iconoclast decapitates us of our highest nature. It takes sad pride in amplifying our worst drawbacks.

"You men," it says, "are anchored to heredity, you cannot disentangle yourselves from your native temperament and baseness. Evil destiny is your warden and death is stronger than life." Here are easily detected the curses of the three fates, finally labelled in the psychiatry of Freud.

The other enticement is wrapped in all the tinsel of a faded nautch-girl, feigning youth with the perverse rites of the Orient. It pretends to be the new truth, and it is as old as the first lie.

"Drink of my cup," it sings, "and my philter will carry you beyond sickness, old age, misfortune, sin and death. The personal god is the last idol; and self-worship the supreme religion. Drink on, 'et

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eritis sicut dei'. But no, the ancient serpent was too modest in his promises. I say—'You are God Himself.' I am the revelation of man, the unanimous wisdom of yore with the freed spirit of tomorrow."

II

How many of us have wavered between these two witcheries. Now it was Libido holding the upper hand; again it was the god Pan. Sometimes we were fascinated by the vicious instinct; sometimes we have bowed before the Titan deified.

The first school, as we have said, culminates in Freud, with his acolytes and scattering of adherents, Gustav Yung, Beatrice M. Hinkle and many others. How shall we name the second? It is legion. The Persian Bab shakes hands with Nietzsche; Plotinus feels very astonished to be seated near Paracelsus; Allan Kardec connives with Stanton Moses; and Emerson is quite sorry to be compromised with Quimby. Legion indeed! It wears the masques of Lucifer, especially those of Prometheus and the Angel of Light. Legion and parody! Pantheism and self-apotheosis! The promise of material happiness alternates with the kingdom of this world, the cultus of Mammon and Astarte. But the good gold coin of our will is quickly lost, if deposited in this vaunted bank. By evil alchemy it is transformed (as in the mediaeval legend) into a dried leaf. We are made drunk, the better to be robbed. The author of The Book of the High Romance has found a happy phrase embracing these innumerable chapels, churches, sects, secret or open, and has called them Neo-Paganism.

III

To begin with let us note that Freudism and Neo-Paganism rest on the same foundation, nebulous and truncated. This false science and this false philosophy are each buttressed by the subconscious, which they confusedly denominate the unconscious. Neither the Freudists, however, nor even the Neo-Pagans have discovered the subconscious. This self is a fact among many others, which has value only in relation to these other facts. It entered into traditional psychology rather late, a little more than half a century ago, and naturally has been accorded an exaggerated importance. Its promoters were, in England, Frederic Myers; in America, William James; in France, Pierre Janet. Before them the subconscious had not been "isolated" amid the composite torrent of our personality.

There, be it understood, it has always played its part as a dissolvent. This current below the waters of consciousness, though obscure, has been and will long be, I fear, the obstacle when we desire to be good and strong. Freud, who came considerably after the noteworthy scientists above cited, has performed but one service: he unmasked it, unintentionally perhaps, by inflicting on it a Latin word which clearly expresses its main function—the Libido.

Libido is the "evil wish" rooted in the corrupt spot of our nature. By repression, civilization has driven it deep into subconsciousness; but it awaits only a faltering of our will, a sign of weakness, to emerge on the surface and invade us. Our transgressions as well as our inherited and acquired ailments—this is Libido. It takes an outlet in our dreams, insipid, frivolous or monstrous, which, like bats, beat the wing heavily in our psychic caverns. The amoral hypocrisy hidden in obscure recesses of the instinct, Freud has excused and systematized. His psychoanalysis delights in dissecting morbid complexes, as Goethe's Mephisto displayed for Faust the Sabbath of Walpurgis Night.

In Neo-Paganism the same unleashing of our anarchic impulses is attempted. These many "new isms" also live on and by, the subconscious—nay, they glorify and deify it. In Neo-Paganism the subconscious becomes the Golden He-Goat, a friend, besides, of the Golden Calf. Still this gold is cheap and falsified. This second and secondary "me" of ours has no creative genius. Tumultuous, rich in stored-up memories forgotten by our conscious self, it discloses a curiosity shop, a defaced Pantheon, a witch's and wizard's grotto, such as the Flemish painters have caricatured, wherein all the discarded gods and demons elbow each other. All this is queer and equivocal enough, but in no way original and new—excepting for the ignorant and aimless rich who try to kill time at five o'clock lectures.

Our subconscious self is the refuse of science and philosophy, with a good repertory of heresies once in fashion and out-of-date theodicies. Those reflective moonbeams are grinning, spectral, sometimes fascinating, maddening. Nevertheless it is the bottomless well of illusion.

There drink to their fill false prophets, charlatans of every order and disorder, mediums, healers who should begin by healing themselves—and those bar tenders of psychic saloons, worse than all others, since the vended drug poisons the soul first of all.

Neo-Paganism will fail as it has failed in the past. Our modern Apostate Julians disinterred dead beliefs, but such a ghastly mummery is not long in vanishing under the wreck of idols to which no necromancer could impart a lasting life.

IV

On the other hand, the superconscious is a substantial and permanent dynamism. The spring of conscience in us, it is, too, the fiery chariot of the supernormal breath. It opens the windows towards the Infinite; and the winds of the great expanse rush in to fan the inner fire. In place of argument a few analogies will enlighten us on the conflicting nature of the two poles of the soul, one positive, the other negative, situated on each margin of our conscious self.

To matter-of-fact minds is fitted our first simile,

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drawn from two biological principles inherent in the constitution and functioning of our good; the one, eminently beneficent, the vitamines, corresponds to the superconscious; the other, the toxines—as the name indicates, toxic, recalling the subconscious.

It is now known what the vitamines are, or rather, what is understood by the word. "Though no one has ever set eyes on a vitamine," says Benjamin Harrow, "vitamines are real things, and quite indispensable as part of our dietary. Their absence makes life impossible. They are substances, as yet ill-defined, whose presence in food is essential to our well-being. We have been eating them ever since man and things that have life appeared on the planet; but we are ignorant of the fact . . . We have used them always, but we have discovered them only within the last few years." Strangely similar is the rôle of the superconscious in the mind. The vitamines seem to have been not as yet "isolated;" they escape chemical analysis, as the superconscious has hitherto been intangible to psychological approach.

We can, however, no more live without vitamines materially than our soul can breathe deep life without the superconscious. The ordinary psychologist, who is but little more than a physiologist, sees our psyche merely as a faint phosphorescence above our organs. Still this does not alter the fact that since the first days when man appeared on earth, he could not have withstood so many trials, created civilization, risen into regions where we have a presentiment of the eternal verities, and, better still, have broken down the barriers of egoism and have done righteously, without the use of this invisible superconscious power within him—which Libido and complexes would never have accomplished.

We well know that our narrow and outward personality is a poor receptacle of the spirit. It is made especially to respond to sense perceptions. As for the subconscious, it is a lumber room, an attic, and, at its best, a reserve store house, in short a minimum of consciousness and a negation of conscience, a channel through which something fertile and liberating cannot pass. Quite the reverse is that which in us carries on a cosmic thrill to a maximum of consciousness and a maximum of conscience; that is why, lacking a better name, we have called it superconsciousness.

On the other side, there are in our organism minute cells which toil secretly to poison us, and, in truth succeed. These are the toxines. We ourselves produce them, they are [illegible] of death. In the body, they resemble the bad psychic complexes in the mind, which in great part are the result of our own work, and must be incessantly eliminated, instead of being cultivated and fortified as they are by the Freudian would-be cure.

The following comparison will better please poetical intellects. Our soul—that interior Palestine—contains something which corresponds to the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee. The Dead Sea can be likened to our subconscious, which encloses Conan Doyle's derisive imps, Freud's Libido, and, what is of more import, the accursed Cities of the Plain, the Seven Capital Sins, set on fire by remorse. There also lie the submerged bents and instincts, that are themselves ruins, and they work to our ruin. At this sea-bottom accumulates the lethiferous salt, which destroys like false wisdom; and above it are outspread tempests and mirages.

If we do not dam our Dead Sea, discouragement, scepticism, cynicism or, what is worst, intellectual pride, with its misleading assumptions, will move back up the Jordan (our every day state of soul) and will pollute its stream.

But in our heart, too, are running fresh waters, such as those of the other Palestinian lake, the Sea of Tiberias; antithetical to the Sulphuric Sea, as the superconscious is a contrast to the subconscious. This our Lake of Galilee, has also once been touched by the feet of Christ; there He taught us and worked miracles. We have, at His command, cast the net of meditation and prayer, and we have caught the marvelous draught of solace and inspiration. The joy which comes from a satisfied conscience has its sweet reflection in the quiet mirror of this divine pool. It is a harvest of blessed fruits and profitable actions, that we reap on its enchanted shores.

V

The preceding vignettes purport solely to visualize a truth; but they may, at the same time, sharpen our discernment and incline us to think. There is in us, thank God, the rise of the sap, physical and spiritual, perpetually in contention with the ebb of death.

Now these two movements produce balance and unity, provided the later, namely, the subconscious, be tamed by the other, our superconscious self, enabling us to enjoy our entire strength and a worth while destiny. All of us long for a more abundant and harmonious life, putting an end to our inner conflicts, and unifying our divided selves. This possibility is at hand.

But it is necessary to understand that unity and peace do not arise from below, that is, from the subconscious "evil wish;" they come to us from above, from the power which must be obeyed, being Itself law and order.

It is their superconsciousness—their genius—that has disciplined the great men who are our appointed guides, whatever be their line of activity. Lincoln, Dante, Shakespeare, Pasteur, were coherent through their fidelity to a high thought. This rich unity and coalescence in a great principle of conduct—this unity whereto we ordinary men tend, too inconstantly—will be, as Cardinal Gibbons also asserts in the essay previously quoted, "the shadow of the divine life, the condition of a new sanctity."

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CIVILIZATION AND THE CIVILIZERS

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

[*Scene, the Aldebaran, in the "roaring forties." The literary and near literary are at lunch. The lobby swarms with guests who mill and press round a red cord barring ingress to the big dining room. A plump head waiter shepherds them, holding up two or three fingers as tables become vacant. The large room is filled with sleek, shrewd men and smart women. Bobbed hair, bare arms, small neat faces elaborately rouged and enamelled, like Javanese dancers. Individually insignificant, for all their comeliness, the women convey a massed decorative impression that is effective and thoroughly of the age. At an oblong table to the right, a roomy, middle-aged man with quizzical eyes leans back in his chair and distributes his attention between ten or a dozen obvious satellites and the noisy, colorful room. I am savoring the pleasure of multitude and solitude when.....*]

Waiter:—Are you alone, sare?

Myself:—Si, Jacopo. "Meglio solo che male accompagnato."

Waiter:—(*with a wintry smile*) Si signore. Do you mind if a gentleman shares your table?

[*I look up and see Civilization. He is a middle-aged man, rather soft and out of condition, but smartly turned out in well pressed clothes. His face is beautiful, but pale and somehow dilapidated. There are traces of a "hard night." A slight discoloration is visible to the left of his classic nose. This is hardly wonderful, since someone is always giving Civilization a black eye.*]

Civilization:—Fancy meeting you here! (*Sits down and orders a bromo-seltzer*) How many years is it since we met?

M:—Three last month.

C:—I remember. The little Dutch house on J—— Street. "Civilization in the United States. An Inquiry." I told you at the time that as I had only just arrived it should have been "Civilization in the United States. A Welcome." What all you fellows weren't going to do for me! Politics—scholarship—criticism—the law—religion. . . .

M:—No. Nothing about that last one.

C:—Of course. I forgot. Why was it? Oh, yes. "They all shied off. . ." Well, it didn't matter. It came to nothing.

M:—Rather symbolical, don't you think?

C:—Eh?

M:—Oh, nothing you'd understand today, I'm afraid. You see, I didn't want to discourage you so early in the game but I felt you were facing disappointment and some hardship. Being only a word wasn't going to save you. It's my experience words are very like human beings. They come down in the world, they are set to work at mean jobs. They contract misalliances. They tramp the roads, tagged out in all sorts of disguises and misfits. I will confess that, though this is the first time we've met in three years, I've seen you quite often, and had you a good deal on my mind.

C:—(*surprised*) Seen me—and didn't speak! Why on earth not?

M:—Sometimes you were in such queer company that I felt a little shy. Other times you were alone, but looked as if you didn't want to be noticed. Now and then you looked so seedy that I was half afraid you were on your way to becoming what the people at Ellis Island call a public charge. What made you come over in the first place?

C:—They didn't seem to have much use for me in Europe after the war. Of course I did my bit. In fact, they rather hinted all the trouble was about me. Naturally, they found me a good job doing liaison in Paris. But when it was all over I didn't seem popular, somehow. Haven't you noticed, just after people have done a lot for you, it is a bad time to hang around? All the employment bureaus told me this was the country for me, in fact, that it was the only place that would be able to afford me for some years to come.

M:—You look pretty prosperous now.

C:—Oh! I can't complain. My big mistake was coming to you fellows. But I think I can say, in the local dialect, that I've made good since.

M:—I knew you would. I see you've been sitting in on the American Mercury right from the start. "The point of view it will seek to maintain will be that of the civilized minority." Was that your suggestion?

C:—(*a little self-consciously*) Partly. Don't you like it? We're an abounding success.

M:—A bounding success, even.

C:—Look at the circulation figures. (*At these words, some of the sleek, shrewd men spare us a glance.*)

M:—I'm told them every day. Even then, I don't quite see where you come in.

C:—Why not?

M:—Now Civilization—you can't tell me that down in your wise old heart you really and truly believe that the Christians of the apostolic age were "men without taste or imagination, whoopers and shouters, low vulgarians and cads." You don't seriously maintain that your old business, the liberation of the human mind, was ever furthered by "gay fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the

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world." You don't stand behind the discovery that the whole of Dante was "a flaming satire on the Christian hocus-pocus." It isn't your experience that a moral man is never honorable or that the "really civilized man," when he has transgressed morally, wastes no time on regrets but makes a note to be "more careful another time."

C:—(*blushing slightly*) Mencken is a nut. You musn't take all he says seriously.

M:—I don't take him as seriously as you think. But I don't have to turn up the circulation figures of his Mercury to know that thousands of people take serious things less seriously after he has done with them. His enemies call him a deadly repeater, and so he is. That is just why he's deadly. It's the repeaters like Voltaire with his "Ecrasez l' Infame!" who create the new state of mind. Is it a state of mind you want to see?

C:—Yet I've heard you say, down at J—— Street. . .

M:—That he is more on the side of the angels than he guesses. I think so still—that his immunity is edifying. So it is. That he couldn't be put into the dock without half of society standing at his side as co-defendants. Nor could he. The great use of men like Mencken and Nathan (I own it frankly) is to convict society of moral cowardice and false face. The harm they do is that in their turn they set up a standard, just as false and one intolerably unjust to men who have managed to preserve intelligence and integrity at the same time. It is largely owing to Mencken and those who feel (I won't say think) with him, that literary criticism is becoming, as Samuel Butler foresaw, a battle ground between the prigs and the blackguards, where the man who is neither one nor the other is hustled and buffeted by both sides. It is largely due to your complaisance in lending them your name that every time a book comes from the press in which history is raked for its garbage, the sub-conscious dredged for its abortions, and the seven veils of decency danced away in as many chapters, I can't review it as it deserves without arraigning myself as an ignoramus and blockhead, a "howling dervish" or "birchman." Take one concrete instance. Can you imagine thirty, or even twenty years ago, your name being used as the "imprimatur" for Peter Whiffle?

C:—(*palpably starting, then chuckling reminiscently*) Peter Whiffle?

M:—Why not? Is not Mr. Van Vechten, on Ernest Boyd's authority, the author of "the great realistic novel of contemporary life," the creator of characters "whose activities it would be both dangerous and unfair to divulge unless one has the insinuating charm of the author in conveying very delicate facts?" Are we not told that Mr. Van Vechten fills his books "with wit and erudition," that "he is a civilized writer?"

C:—Those aren't my words.

M:—They are Carl Van Doren's. But your name is used. And you remember the activities of this "civilized writer" in Paris. Let me give you them in his own words. "I strolled through the Museé de Cluny, where I bought postcards" . . . (I won't go on. I see you remember what the postcards were) . . . "I took in the naughty reviews . . . I discovered a miniature shop in the rue Furstemburg where elegant reprints of bawdy eighteenth century romances might be procured . . . On days when I felt rich I dined with the cocottes." Why, my dear Civilization, I appeal to anything you preserve of your former dignity and self-respect, and ask you whether these are the occupations of a civilized man in the world's centre of culture, or of a libidinous boy playing hookey in a Lupanaria?

C:—(*with the air of repeating a lesson*) I think you are unfair to the new men. (*The same phrase is probably being used at six different lunch tables in New York.*)

M:—The new men are not in question now. But since you mention them and since you seem to share a very common confusion, let me tell you that what the really new men—the Andersons, Lawrences and Franks—are after has no relation whatever to anything you stand for or have stood for, and that, when you have done the work they look for from you, and have cleared the ground of "prejudices" that are still a little in their way, they will have about as much respect for you as the devil keeps for holy water.

C:—I'm not afraid. I've stood a good many shocks in my time.

M:—That doesn't alter the fact that some far sighted people are afraid for you. Don't forget there are a good many violent deaths and a few nasty lingering ones in your family history.

C:—(*looking at his watch*) Croak on. I can give you a few minutes more.

M:—I don't often quote de Gourmont, but it seems to me he must have had an inkling of what was coming when he wrote—"If a civilized country were to reach that state of mind where every novelty is at once welcomed and substituted for traditional ideas and methods, men would be obliged to seek refuge in a purely animal existence, and civilization would perish."

C:—" . . . purely animal existence!"

M:—Yes. Blind is the man who does not see its shadow already upon us. Wilfully blind is the critic who will not perceive in this new wistfulness over primordial life in literature and drama—this new preoccupation with the hobo, the bully, the cave man, the rise of a generation sick of its own soul, and eager to wrest the secret of their happiness from the brutes. New and monstrous race of fabulists, no longer content, as were Aesop and La Fontaine

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to picture for us beasts, wise and witty like men, but whose "tragi-comic Zoo," superseding the "delicately moralized affair" of the French writer, would interpret beasts for us in terms of our own repressed kinship, conveying "the sensation of the body observing, not with the rarefied ideas of the brain, but in its entirety, through skin and pores and limbs."

C:—Where are you now?

M:—I'm quoting Seligmann on Lawrence. You ought to read the book. Your name's in it. For does not Lawrence "remind us that poets make a civilization?" (*Civilization raps for his bill.*) Strange carnal "paysagistes," for whom the whole world is sentient flesh that sweats and heaves, who see the sky "a drum of drawn white skin," a road "a great jugular, bleeding up the throat of the hill," for whom a beach is "the cheek of a god."

C:—Sounds like my old friend Whitman.

M:—So it is. Also your new friend Waldo Frank.

C:—(*defiantly*) After all, why not?

M:—Why not, indeed? For suppose this life be indeed all. What if the immortality to whose hope mankind has immolated his desires and foregone his vengeances, be nothing save an uneasy dream from which, with cramped limbs and bemused brain, he is only now awakening. Then it is no longer the beasts of field and forest who are the disinherited and outcast, but Man—Man, of all created beings the most wretched. Tragic dupe of an outworn mystification, recoiling before phantoms of chastity and mercy that he has himself raised, turned back in his course from love hunt and prey hunt by precepts in which he no longer has any faith. What prophets shall he follow if not those whose rough sense can break the spell if only by heaving a dead cat through a church window, who will lay the ghost and save him from his own soul? What poets shall make his songs, if not those who Circe-wise, charm him back to the uninhibited joys that lurk behind snout and muzzle? But that your hand, Civilization, which built Chartres and Rheims out of the Neanderthal cavern, which leveled the harem to raise the home, which struck the chains from the slave and tore torture from the statute book, should be the hand pointing out for him the way down the Gadarene slope! That is something to which I can never reconcile my imagination. I'd rather think you were simply hard up when you let them use your name.

C:—Well, I must be going.

M:—I must be going too. Which direction are you taking?

(*A mask seems to fall from Civilization's face. As his eyes look into mine for the first time this afternoon, I could swear they are a little misty.*)

C:—I don't know. (*Exits.*)

Time and Grief

"My sorrow is so heavy that I may not turn my head
To see who walks this sunless road, this road of thorns with me.
Who are you keeping step with me the day and night?" she said.
"An old man, a wise man and pitying," said he.

"Let me take the sorrow and bear it in your stead,
If only for a little way while you walk straight and free."
"No one else in all the world may carry it," she said.
"Trust me, I have carried many such," said he.

"My sorrow that has cried so long is still upon your breast
And I can hear the singing birds and lift my eyes and see
Sun and foam of blossoms on the high hill's crest,"
"See, your sorrow sleeps against my heart," said he.

"Fill your arms with roses—with roses white and red,
This, I carry for you is light as those may be."
"But sorrow is so heavy—so heavy, Sir," she said—
"I only bear a memory, my child," said he.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

To Pierrot

I who saw fear tear away your mask
Feel only pity—you are still Pierrot
The gay—what I have seen they need not ask,
I shall not know.

And you who saw the brave veil that I wear
Rent into fragments, leaving me forlorn
And naked in the whirlwind—only spare
Me of your scorn.

Put on again your mask as I my veil,
And let me know the friendship of your hand,
And be Pierrot the gay—I shall not fail
To understand.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Mistress of the Night

TO-NIGHT you were far away. Your eyes were turned to the setting sun and the rising moon held you not. Was it that the warm body of the great orb held you closer than the marble disc just coming into its own? You seemed to linger in the warm glow of the day just passed and to shun the still, gray secret of the mistress of the night. Don't you know you must rest awhile in her silver castle to greet that same lord on the morrow? So turn awhile and rest with me in the hostelry that shelters youth and death!

MARGARET HILL SKINNER.

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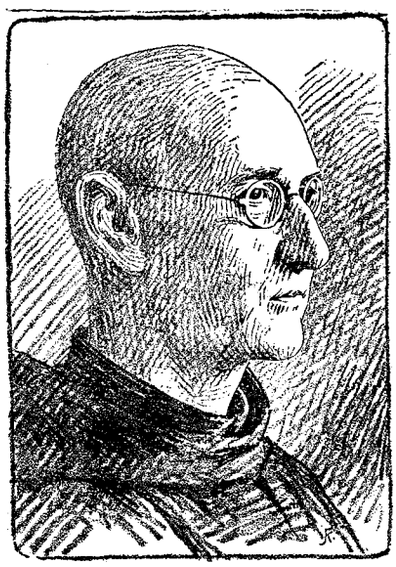
SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

In the Pictures of Pedro Subercaseaux

By JOHANNES JORGENSEN



DOM PEDRO SUBERCASEAUX

NO life of man, perhaps not even the life of Christ was more subject to illustration than the life of the little Poor Man from Assisi. From the first rough picture on the coffin of the Saint down to the splendid and refined art of Maurice Denis in his masterly illustration on the Little Flowers of Saint Francis, all the greatest names of art follow each other in uninterrupted procession. Herr Thode, in his voluminous book on the Beginning of Italian painting, gives us the first of the series, and century after century is adding fresh names to the glories of Renaissance and Baroque art.

No wonder then that Franciscan inspiration is producing new works even in this century. The present lines are meant as an introduction (if such a one be necessary) to a new pictorial life of the Umbrian Saint. Pedro Subercaseaux—this is the name of the artist—is no child of Europe. He comes to us from over the ocean, and his cradle stood on the shore of another ocean—yet farther away—he is a native of Chile. But there is European blood in his veins, and his spiritual youth took place on entirely old world ground. The Church of Rome gave him his intellectual and sentimental education, and Roman Catholic countries were the first goal of his wandering desires. The South American became a South European. The great shrines of Spain, the holy places of Italy saw the young pilgrim from over the sea dropping his staff and kneeling down in prayer.

Kneeling down in prayer—and rising to work! The old maxim runs—Ora et labora—"pray and work." And Pedro Subercaseaux was no lazy idler, no sightseeing esthete, enjoying things of beauty only to himself. He was an artist, that is, a poet, whose materials are not verse and rhyme, but line and color. His sketchbook was a volume of hymns on the beauty of Italy. Not that tourist-haunted Italy that goes from Borlighera to Sorrento and is only a continuation of the French Riviera, with or without Monte Carlo's demi-mondaines and suicides. But real Italy, true, rough, old-fashioned Italy—Italy of the small towns and the barren mountains, Franciscan Italy to say all about it—Italy in the grey frock of the friar and the worn coat of the peasant. This Italy is the Italy of Pedro Subercaseaux. There he is at home and at ease. There he sought the Saint he loved—and there he found him.

Because this is the truth about the work of the South American painter—Saint Francis *lives* in it. This is no lifeless revocation of a story from the past. Turn the pages of the volume, and you will find yourself not only in full, real Italy, but also in full, real thirteenth century. You will remark (and how could you not?) the historical exactitude of these pictures. See for instance Francis represented as rex festi, king of the festival—the garments, the musical instruments, the vessels and cups on the table—all is as it really was in thirteenth century Umbria. Or look at the splendid historical reconstruction of the old basilica of St. Peter's with the pigna in the midst of the paradiso. But—well, another might do the same! I think Eugene Burnaud did—although with less detail. This is not the thing.

If you feel so great a difference between the cold, well-drawn pictures of the Swiss painter and the work of Subercaseaux, it is because the latter of the two artists *lived* it all by himself. He is in the same relation to the Umbrian Saint as for instance Boutet de Monvel was to *his* heroine, Jeanne d'Arc. Works such as those are not only expressions of art—they are expressions of life.

They are not only speaking to the eyes—they are speaking to the soul.

And this is the reason why I appreciate so highly this new pictorial life of Saint Francis. Look at the young Assisi—merchant, praying down at San Damiano, before the old crucifix, and receiving the divine order "Go, Francis, and build up My Church—you see, it is falling in ruin!" Follow him to all the places of passion (but of triumph too) which marked his short existence. See him—then at the end of his life, in the hut of branches and mud, listening to the angel, rapt in ecstasy—"and if the angel had sounded one note more, it should have beeen death!"—and you will understand with all your soul and all your heart, what a great thing Christianity is, and what a great Christian Saint Francis was. And this, I suppose, was just what Pedro Subercaseaux would have you understand.

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SUBERCASEAUX AND UMBRIA

By THOMAS J. SHAHAN
(Rector, the Catholic University)

FOR the first time since Cigoli a painter has satisfactorily revealed to the eye of faith the story of that holy youth who long ago shed such a spiritual glory on all the slopes and vales of Umbria. In these remarkable scenes Saint Francis moves and acts with a higher truth—in an atmosphere of light and peace that could be caught only by a spirit akin to his own—one who

St. Francis Disowns His Father

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joined to a tender introspective sympathy and a temper of mystical piety the highest technical skill.

We have here the Gustave Doré of Saint Francis and the holy land of Assisi, the soft contours of its green hills, all the curious witchery of forest and stream, of valley and crag and field, that rests forever on the crowded landscapes of those "spirituals" among the cinquecento painters, who transferred to canvas the Legend of the Three Companions and the Fioretti. Many another page also is here of that evangel of love which seven centuries ago resounded among the hill cities of Umbria, and still haunts that religious heart of Italy, gripping with its ineffable beauty and sweetness every nobler spirit, and holding it bound in a kind of prayerful ecstasy.

Architecture and costume, the remote ways of the colorful life of the times, its picturesque round of work and play, of rich mentality and high spiritual ardor, its delightful camaraderie, its varied humor and its drab conventionalities, are all here. What Burke did for India and Moore for Persia, by their incomparable artistry of words, this painter has done for the earthly stage of the Franciscan gospel; he has poured upon it delicate hues and shadings, a refinement of pictorial interpretation that all can appreciate, but those mostly in whose hearts there dwells the urge of that mighty love of all creation that inspired the Canticle of the Sun, and joyously embraced all life from its divine source, the Crucified One on Alverno, to the swallows of Alviano and the wolf of Gubbio.

Certain scenes offer a beauty that words cannot paint, Francis folded in the arms of the good Bishop Gubbio, in the presence of his irate and disgusted father; Francis receiving the stigmata; Francis resting on the plain and blessing Assisi in his dying hour; Clare and her companions praying at the bier of Francis, the latter scene an incomparable rendering of the holiest spiritual affection.

THE ARTIST SUBERCASEAUX

PEDRO SUBERCASEAUX was born in Rome in 1880 at the time when his father was beginning his diplomatic career. From early childhood he felt a decided inclination to drawing and painting, but it was only at the age of seventeen that he started seriously the study of painting in the Royal School of Art of Berlin. He next worked for two years in Rome and later in Paris in the Academie Julian, under Jules Lefebvre and Robert Fleury.

Nearly all of his pictures were painted while living in Santiago, Chile. At the time when he started work there in 1902, there were only a few artists in that country and they received but little encouragement from a public more bent on practical aims than on art. About that time several exhibitions of European art were organized in the principle towns of the country. The influence of these, added to the efforts of the native artists, created an awakening of taste throughout the land. The International Art Exhibition held in Santiago, in 1910, was an unexpected success. The North American section of that exhibition attracted special attention, on account of the real merit of the paintings shown there. The result of this was that the public, especially in the capital, began to show an enthusiastic taste for art, and to patronize artists in a generous manner. During all the time Pedro Subercaseaux lived in his own country, he had to work hard continually in order to satisfy the demand for his pictures.

The subjects of his painting were usually taken from the history of Chile. They were generally episodes of the Spanish Conquest in the sixteenth century, or of the war of Independence in the first years of the nineteenth century. He also painted a certain number of sea battles, and scenes from modern military life.

A few years ago he, with a few friends—artists, architects and art lovers, started a campaign in favor of the colonial style of building and decoration, which had been abandoned since the Independence and replaced by a medley of European styles. They had to convince the people that a Louis XV villa, or an English cottage, which may harmonize very nicely with European landscape, look absurdly out of keeping with the grand masses of the Andes or the immense plains and valleys of America. The result of this campaign was soon visible. Quite a number of private houses, churches and public buildings have been erected in the old-fashioned manner, which is very much like what is known in the United States as the mission style. Even in out of the way country places, old local industries were revived, and people began wearing the picturesque clothes and ornaments of an earlier time. Subercaseaux tried to help the movement by painting a series of pictures of old world life in colonial times. Some of these pictures are among the best he has painted. He interrupted his work several times in Chile in order to cross to Buenos Aires and Europe. While staying in Rome in 1911, he painted a life-size portrait of Pope Pius X. This painting hangs now in one of the rooms of the Vatican. That same year he visited Assisi. The beauty and poetry of that little town, in which every street and every house seems to recall Saint Francis, made a deep impression on his mind. He felt a strong desire to express in pictorial form the varied feelings the Franciscan Legend awoke in his spirit. He knew it would be a difficult task and he had no experience in religious painting. He began by making careful studies of the landscape, buildings, etc. which were to be the setting of the future pictures. Some months after, he resumed his usual work in Santiago and went on painting battles or colonial scenes. But his imagination was constantly turning back to Umbria. He used to spend long hours at night sketching, or reading about St. Francis and his time.

As soon as he could he went back to Italy, where he started working seriously on his Life of Saint Francis.

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He consulted several Roman archeologists, with whose help he was enabled to draw correct views of some thirteenth century buildings, especially of the ancient basilica of Saint Peter which stood then exactly as it had been built by Constantine 900 years before.

With the advent of the great war he left Europe. After five years absence he again returned to Italy. One consequence of those years spent in close touch with Saint Francis and with the spirituality of the mediaeval world, was his gaining a deeper sense of what art should be. Not only was his outlook on art changed, but also his outlook on life itself. In the summer of 1920 he arrived at the Benedictine monastery on the Isle of Wight, where he joined the Order of Saint Benedict. Since then his life has been spent in the ordinary activities of a Benedictine monk—chiefly in prayer, study and manual work. Although his days are very busy, he can generally spare some time for painting. He is at present painting a series of pictures over the altars of the monastery church.

Pedro Subercaseaux's father is at present Chilean Ambassador to the Holy See.

The largest canvases he has painted are one in the National Congress Building in Santiago, and another in the Exchange of that city. The former represents the Discovery of Chile, the other is an allegory of Commerce and Industry. He has painted other large pictures for Buenos Aires for which he has been paid prices unheard of in South America, and not often attained by European artists.

St. Francis Preaching to the Moslems

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THEOPHANY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THERE is a city in the desert country of the southwest, lying among mountain ranges, on a great empty plain thousands of feet above the sea. Wandering through that country, at times riding the Mexican border with immigration officers, or upon the ranges with cattle men, seeking subjects about which to write, but seeking adventure more assiduously, it was my fortune to meet in this city a man who was a scientist. Unlike many of his fellows, he could companion with others than his own sort—a great advantage, and a rare one, not only to scientists but to writers as well.

This man said to me—

"I am about to leave this city on an expedition, with horses and mule teams bearing blankets and food, and I invite you to go with us. We shall ride across the mesa to yonder range of mountains, crossing them to the farther side, and thence returning to this place by another trail. We shall be gone a week, or ten days maybe, just as the chances of travel shall determine the matter. We shall see no cities or towns, scarcely even a ranch house, and we shall make our camps where the end of the day shall find us. You may, if you wish, learn something about our work, which is to visit the stations we have established in the wilderness, where we gather facts concerning desert vegetation on mountain and plain, which facts will in time be duly classified, written down, and properly indexed, all to the greater glory of science. But whether you learn little or much, I promise you a glorious ride."

Gratefully I said yes, and went forth upon the trail with that man and his companions. All of them (with the exception of the Chinese cook and the mule drivers) were learned in science (but the cook and the muleteers were learned in life) and they were most zealous in the pursuit of the ideals and the duties of their mystery, for which employment of their talents and their time they had been set aside and bountifully supplied with all necessary things by a Scotchman who had himself followed the iron mongery business with such thrift that he had saved from the earnings of his trade (or so I am told) the tidy sum of two hundred million dollars, or maybe pounds sterling—I have forgotten which, not having been sufficiently impressed by the circumstance, which I learned too late in life to apply to my own case.

Nor is that the only fact concerning the patron of the expedition, and concerning these scientists and their expedition across the mesas and through the mountains, which I have forgotten. Indeed, I am afraid that all the things I was told about the cacti and the ocatillo and the sagebrush and the guayule (from which rubber in a paying quantity may sometime be extracted) have remained only very dimly in my memory—except that one practical fact about the guayule plant, which I suppose must have been repeated many times until at last it stuck, or perhaps I had some vague notion of going into the rubber extracting business, as other men have dreamed of finding a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

But I do remember other things. I remember the honey-colored flame of camp fires, under the vault of a sky gigantically lofty, and pellucidly brilliant, through the keen clear air with marvelous stars. I remember the dust devils scouring the arid plain with whirling rage. I remember a sunset that was seen through the arches of a triple rainbow, with a storm of lightning visible at the end of the vista like strange hieroglyphics on a purple curtain. I remember the mirage of a palm-bordered body of water that appeared in the midst of the dusty desert, possibly the far refraction from those palms that grow on the shores of the Gulf of California. I remember the flaming blossoms of the ocatillo, set at the end of their long stems, upright upon the mesa, like great groups of candles. And the gargoyle shapes of giant cacti, the sweet fragrant hissing of bacon in the frying pan at night and morning—and, above all, I remember the rising of the sun one morning, the memory unique among all others.

One memory—yes; and just the singleness and the uniqueness of that memory is the great difficulty, now that I come to write about it. But indeed it is the same difficulty, only accentuated, that he who writes meets whenever he tries to use the pen unless, to be sure, he is a great writer indeed. How is one to net with cold written words the delicate images that haunt the inner places of the mind? If I had but been what I am not (the trouble that afflicts all children of Adam) and had been careful of the future while living in the present, I might have kept a note book on that desert journey, and set down in due order all the happenings, and the things that I saw, and was told, and then I would have had all the facts comprising an interesting narrative, and much presumably useful information touching upon botany and science in general. But I was not careful. I kept no notes, and so it is that when now I try to relate the memories of that desert journey I find myself, as often before, trying to deal with a memory of something that in truth cannot be remembered. Let me try to explain.

Concerning the exterior events of the particular memory that I am trying to recover, I can be fairly explicit. As follows—

One morning, high up, almost near the main ridge of the Catalinas, I suddenly wakened from a deep sleep, long before my companions. Wrapped in

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blankets, lying on the ground around the smoldering embers of a camp fire, they were motionless like logs or stones in the dusk. We were in a clearing in a dark wood, a wood of the high mountains, squat, stiff cedars, wind-blown and fantastic, like things carved out of bronze, and a few thin tall pines. The sky, though paling, was incredibly thick with stars brilliant beyond the experience of all save those who have climbed high in the arid regions where the air becomes like the spirit of air, purged of all impurities; the heart drinks it like immaterial wine. The little wind that comes before the dawn had not yet begun to stir. The silence was—the silence made me think of—silence.

With an exceeding caution—why I should be so careful I did not know—I only felt that I must—I stole away from that camp, from my sleeping companions, and softly, even stealthily, crept up a steep slope that ended in a ledge of rock from which I knew I could look down over and above the mighty plain below. As I moved, step by step, suddenly I was stricken still by a voice—a very tiny, a very soft, sweet, most pure little voice, scarcely audible, yet distinct as the last tone of a silver bell vibrating on the very edge of silence. It was the voice of a bird. Never before had I heard that voice; never since then have I heard it. Later on that day I asked one of the scientists the name of the bird, and I was told the name bestowed upon it by science (which in time, no doubt, will duly catalogue all things under the sun) but that name I have also forgotten. But I asked a man who lived in that country, a man in whose veins there was Indian blood and the blood of the Spanish who were the first white men to enter Arizona, and he told me that I had heard the Jesu Maria bird. He was right, for what the bird voice said (I did not see the tiny thing) in that silence under the stars, just as dawn began, was (very soft, very sweet, most pure) and thrice repeated "Jesu Maria, Jesu Maria, Jesu Maria."

When the voice had ceased, greatly wondering, and awed as it is strange that one should be awed by something so little and so sweet, I reached the ledge of rock, cresting a slope that was almost a precipice, falling away after the first steep pitch in a more gradual descent of thousands of feet. Across fifty miles of mesa lying below me like a black sea rose high mountains in the east, above which the sky became clearer and clearer, and even as I watched the sun was lifted up, a pale, clear, tremendous globe rayed with a golden glory.

That is the memory. That is the exterior of the memory. Such were the events. I have told you what happened: what I saw, and what I heard.

But I cannot tell you what really matters (to me at least) in striving to recall my memory. For alas, I cannot remember, still less express, the soul of my memory—I only know that its soul seemed manifest then, but that now the veils have dropped again I can only say (but how can you understand?) that I was as one exalted in spirit on that mountain top, and that for a little space I heard in the cry of a hidden bird a language that my soul understood but could not translate for my mind to grasp; nor can I tell you why, when the globe of the sun appeared, ringed in a glory of living gold, I fell upon my knees. All I can say now is that it seemed to be the only right attitude in which to view that spectacle.

Many years later, however, when (and again upon my knees) I saw another shining glory encircling a globe, a globe of ineffable whiteness—the Sacred Host uplifted in a monstrance—I at least partly understood why I fell upon my knees upon that Arizona mountain top, and why this tiny circle—whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere—was more awful and more mighty than the sun. But at this point language fails.

The Thunderers

It was a King of Spain who said:
"Had God consulted me,
The world would be a charming place,
And men would be a braver race,
And women much more fair of face,
And in their hearts more free—
And much more kind to me.
But God did not consult me, so,
The world its dull drab way must go.
Oho! I'm bored—oho!"

Bishops, princes, warriors tall
And ladies frail or true,
Were in the lofty banquet hall,
And deadly terror seized them all
To hear the King blaspheme.
It was such dread as in a dream
Opens the door of hell—
When sudden, o'er the Alcazar,
A swooping storm wiped out each star
And swift there came the crashing jar
Of thunder, and the lightning fell
And slew the King of Spain.

They built the Alcazar again—
But kings are humbler now.
They do not lift their pride so high,
They play at golf and dumbly die,
Invite no strokes of an angry sky,
Content if left to reign.

But little high-brows—bellows-blown,
Now sit on stools, and think,
And dip worn pens in watery ink,
And from the King's boast do not shrink.
They go one better—all alone,
Each as a god on his lofty throne
Making the world in his image—but
The door of the thunder bolt is shut,
And the winds of heaven sigh, "Tut! Tut!"

T. C.

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MUSSOLINI AND HIS FUTURE

By L. J. S. WOOD

(The present Italian crisis gives a special interest to the study of Mussolini and Fascism, in two articles, of which this is the second, written by Mr. L. J. S. Wood, who has resided in Rome for many years and whose articles in The Tablet, The Atlantic Monthly and other periodicals have made him widely known as a thoughtful and exceptionally well-informed commentator on Italian affairs.)

AS Prime Minister and Chief of Fascism, Mussolini has had, firstly to govern the country, secondly to constitutionalize the Fascist movement. The King has laid on him the former charge; by general consent he alone had the necessary authority to carry out the latter. How has he succeeded in the two years that have passed since the March on Rome?

On the first side, administratively, there is a remarkable record of first class work done by the Prime Minister, who has also been Foreign Minister and until lately Minister of Home Affairs, and by his assistants, one or two of them men of great ability. In foreign affairs the sobering effect of responsibility was seen at once. The imperialistic suggestions of some previous utterances were replaced by a conception of Italy, determined, indeed, to claim the place due to her, but sincerely desirous of working for peace with her neighbors, her late Allies, her late enemies, everyone. No one who remembers 1912-13 will deny that the Corfu policy, or some similar pledge, was a necessity. (There was never, of course, any foundation for the suggestion of intention of permanent occupation of the island; Mussolini is not a lunatic.) Greece had to be shown, and shown definitely and promptly, that she could not insult Italy and boast about it with impunity. The bombardment was certainly open to severe criticism. If on the straight facts the fault lay with the local Greek governor, it was at the least a tactical mistake on the part of the Italian admiral. And the general record of foreign policy is one of moderation and work for agreement in the councils of the Allies—treaties of commerce—arbitration and peace with Jugoslavia, and half a dozen other powers.

In home administration, fearless action on the part of a very capable Minister of Treasury and Finance has nearly wiped out the dangerous deficit in the financial and the economic budget. The two most unhealthy departments, railways and posts, have been cleaned up; the latter is now paying its way, the former, which had once a deficit of a milliard lire a year, should balance next year. The great thing has been the cleaning out of the unwieldy, overgrown, unhealthy bureaucracy, ruthless expurgation of parasitical, non-working elements, infusion of the spirit of discipline and work. This has been seen in all departments. The need of it had been seen for years to be urgent, but until 1922 no government had possessed the will or the power to tackle the problem, just as until 1922 no Finance Minister had been able to bring the required pressure, ruthless and unprejudiced by political considerations, on the vast number of tax shirkers. The record of days lost through strikes in industry previous to the arrival of Fascism is disastrous; there has not been a strike of any consequence since Fascism became established. Political strikes in public services, which used to arise on the slightest pretext, are unheard of now. Order is kept and first class administrative work has been done.

That is the good side of the work of Fascism: discipline and work replacing incapacity in administration. During the era of "liberalism" and "democracy," the bureaucratic machine, extending from the Prime Minister down to the railway carriage cleaner and the telegraph boy, had become unwieldy, had been used for political purposes by succeeding governments. In the days of mental upset after the war, it came to look on itself as the master of the state. Then it became evident that in Italy, liberalism and democracy were just words, ideas—utterly ineffective when faced by facts and acts of the sudden outburst of extreme Socialism and Communism. Certainly the latter was only a wave. It could never have resulted in revolution, but it did bring temporary chaos. Mussolini and Fascism started in to clean up the mess and restore discipline and order. In general administration that has been done, and done wonderfully quickly and effectively. They are absolutely determined that no political intrigue shall destroy their work, restore the old conditions of political degradation and administrative inefficiency which would give extreme Socialism and Communism, now cowed, the chance to lift their heads again.

But there is a blot on the picture. Fascism has by no means yet got its own house in order. There were four categories of individuals in the Fascist ranks in October, 1922. Firstly, Mussolini and a number of determined men, many of them not in the public eye but permeating the eye of the country, earnestly intent on pulling Italy out of the mess into which it was sinking, and establishing efficient government. These remain. Secondly, a certain number of men, mostly young, of equal determination and of capacity to rise to positions of responsibility, but without the solidity of character to hold such positions worthily. Among these, ambition and the lust for power has prevailed. Thirdly, a crowd of self-seekers, some erstwhile Socialists or Communists, who joined the movement when they saw it succeeding—many of them of a better class, but without principle. A number of these have been weeded out; those that remain, together with the unprincipled in the second category, form the bad side of Fascism. Lastly, there were numbers who joined

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the movement as a means to put an end to the Communism which was making life impossible. These have gone back to their work and live their lives in peace, which is all they want to do. From the second category come the organizers of outrages running from trusted men in ministries to "Rasses" in the villages. Agents are found readily in the third category. It is easier to start a movement, under a big spur such as patriotism, than to get order, discipline, self-sacrifice subsequently into the individuals who compose it. Mussolini evidently hoped for time—for five years in government with a stable majority, obtained by the temporary expedient of the electoral law of 1923. Summary action against individuals in the second and third categories, some of whom it must be remembered, had supported him loyally through the fighting times, might have split Fascism, broken the strength and power of the movement, made it impossible for him to carry out the work he had set himself to do. That is at least an intelligible explanation of his delay, his hesitation to clean out the evildoers, to punish summarily the frequent episodes of violence in the country. For he must have known of the bad streak, even if he did not believe it capable of going to the lengths revealed by the Matteotti crime. Moreover, the hesitation has had the very bad moral effect of giving the evildoers the impression that they were immune from prosecution, that they could carry out violence, illegalism, with impunity. Recently a number in high places have been removed, others have been laid by the heels, local organizations have been purged of unruly elements. It was time and more than time.

It is possible that long ago Mussolini might have felt that he had the strength needed to take extreme measures against offenders if he had had the loyal, wholehearted support of all good Italians. But that was not given him. One after another, individuals and bodies, whose interests were tied up with the old régime, went into opposition. The visible opposition has been that of the politicians, people and papers. While credit must be given for some really thoughtful distrust of an autocratic régime which had arisen out of a movement which might without exaggeration be called revolutionary, it has all along been obvious that the bulk of the opposition has been based on the narrowest considerations of party political interests. This political opposition culminated after the Matteotti crime in refusal to take any further part in the work of Parliament unless certain demands formulated were complied with, conditions laid down realized; in refusal to give any credit at all to the government's declaration that its own policy was to realize those conditions, to which end it asked the aid of all good Italians. Under the open refusal was the thinly disguised hope and aim that the moral effect of the Matteotti revelations might shake the Prime Minister's position so badly as to cause his downfall and the disappearance of Fascism as a system and a power. There has been a political deadlock since, with four months' newspaper vituperation by extremists on each side. Parliament reopened on November 12, and there are, happily, some signs that general good sense, expressed through men of moderation on each side, will by degrees soften the acuteness of the deadlock and, when the opposition return to their places, open discussion of the budget and other administrative affairs of the nation will afford an outlet, replacing acrimonious newspaper polemics. From which, and possibly through a new election in the near future on a less one-party system, may issue the normalization, constitutionalization, which the opposition demands and which Mussolini and the best in Fascism would welcome—provided always that it is not shaped to the destruction of their work, of the new order in all the affairs of the nation.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: It will doubtless be interesting to your readers to know that the man who some years ago created one of the most valuable, best written, stimulating and creative literary weekly reviews of England, The New Age, is now in this country. Under the editorship of A. R. Orage, an editor who possessed much of the intuitive genius displayed by William Ernest Henley in his once famous English Review, in divining and encouraging literary talent, The New Age was a brilliant, staunch champion of the rights of the poor people of England, and opened the door to the practical study of the guilds of the Middle Ages, which study is preparing the way for real improvement in the relations between the rich and the poor.

Katherine Mansfield was one of Mr. Orage's discoveries—only one of many. Such veteran writers as H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Bernard Shaw, Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton, Francis Grierson, and other makers and shakers of world thought were among the writers who gladly contributed to The New Age.

Though declaring himself no longer interested in British politics, Mr. Orage expressed, in a conversation I had with him recently, interesting and doubtless well-informed views regarding the defeat of the labor party in England.

"What significance," I asked Mr. Orage, "must be attached to this overwhelming defeat of the Labor Ministry at the polls?" "Not more," Mr. Orage replied, "than to the fall of Humpty Dumpty. Humpty Dumpty fell by an accident; but the more extraordinary accident was how in the world Humpty Dumpty ever got on the wall."

"You mean," I said, "that the Labor Ministry owed its rise to an accident, and now its fall?"

"Precisely. People over here, and, in fact, everywhere but in England itself, heralded the Labor ministry as an omen of profound significance; and treated it as if it implied some vast change in the character and mentality of the British electorate.

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We, in England, did not turn a hair on account of it. As you know, the stock market never fluttered. And the reason was that everybody knew that the event was due to a fluke and had no real skill behind it. It was never fairly earned, so to say, but just a beggar's windfall."

"But the other parties could not prevent it," I remarked.

Mr. Orage smiled. "Could Achilles help sulking? Remember that the stupidity of British politicians is unfathomably clever. Figure to yourself the situation as I often heard old fogeys in London clubs putting it to each other. The historic parties were all to pieces: Lloyd George fighting Asquith; Churchill and Birkenhead up against Austen Chamberlain—all dogs in the manger that couldn't lead themselves, and wouldn't let each other lead. They wanted a rest after the war to settle their nerves. Then there were certain things that the older parties were too much compromised to do—for example, to settle with France about Germany and to recognize Russia. An understudy would be useful, perhaps. Then, again, these old fogeys had learned something since Disraeli, namely, that there is a better way of dishing your political opponents than stealing their program. Catch them unprepared and put them into office, and let their swollen gas bags shrink before the world. Tens of thousands of both Conservatives and Liberals 'let in' the Labor ministry, with these reflections in their minds, and with the perfect confidence that it could always be turned out at a moment's notice."

"But has not the Labor Ministry falsified these predictions by making good?" I enquired.

"The recent election does not look like it," Mr. Orage said. "In fact, these predictions themselves have been more than made good. Not only has Labor been revealed as hopelessly divided within itself (you know that MacDonald was scarcely on speaking terms with his Cabinet) not only has its powerlessness in the matter of unemployment, housing and wages been demonstrated; but, as a sort of additional reward for their gamble, the older parties see their own personal feuds partially reconciled, the Labor electorate disheartened, and the solid mass of women voters thrown bodily into the Conservative camp. I think the one or two brains in the old parties are entitled to chuckle over the result."

"But surely," I said, "the issues of the election were unfortunate for Labor—the ambiguous, possibly forged Russian letter and Mr. MacDonald's motor-car?"

"If it had not been these, it would have been some others. There were plenty before this election if the other parties had thought the moment had come. These simply happened to coincide with the general situation. The moment made them; they did not make the moment."

"How long will it be before Labor returns?" I asked.

"Such is the stupidity of the political leaders that another absurd accident may happen at the next election," Mr. Orage replied. "With a Labor ministry such as this, anything, indeed, may happen. But, with no more intelligence than a board expends on a commercial business, the older political parties in England *ought* to be able to exclude Labor from power for at least two more elections—let us say, ten years. It will require something like a genius for folly to bring Labor back before then, especially now that the women voters have been finally and irrevocably rallied against Labor. Women may not count much in politics in England, but they number; and their numbers are now definitely against Labor. That settles Labor's hash for some time."

C. M. W.

BELLOC ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

London, England.

TO the Editor: I cannot pretend to speak of conditions on your side of the Atlantic, for it has been the most vivid impression received by me upon every visit to the United States, that the new world was so utterly different from the old as to make any pretense of criticism or advice from us to you ridiculous. But perhaps the experience I have had in Europe, especially in England, upon the same kind of task as that which you are undertaking, may be of some service, and for what it is worth I will give it.

We have in Europe two very distinct worlds in which to found any Catholic effort. There is the world of the old traditional European culture in France, the Valley of the Rhine, and upper Danube, Italy, Spain, Ireland, the Southern Netherlands or Belgium, and there is another region of which England is by far the most typical example, where the culture springs from Protestantism. It is alien to the Catholic Church and almost universally ignorant of the Catholic spirit.

In the first of these divisions, the Catholic attitude towards life as a whole, towards morals, every civic action, literary activity and the rest can be naturally expressed without any emphasis upon the hierarchy or discipline of the Catholic Church. The Catholic atmosphere is known and recognized and there is no more temptation to or necessity for specifically Catholic action than there is in the United States for specifically republican action. It is in the atmosphere. There are indeed violent enemies to the Catholic Church and even to most things of Catholic tradition and culture, but the general tone is ours, and a man defending the institution of marriage, for instance, or property or any other one of those social points which are essentially bound up with Catholic tradition, may take in a book or an article the full Catholic point of view without a single reference to the Church.

That is as it should be, but in the Protestant culture things are very different. There the Catholic Church is at the best a subject though large minority. It is at the best put under its opponents and its whole culture and tradition treated as something inferior and largely boycotted. Or it is, at the worst (and England is the most conspicuous example of this) a small and timid body virtually neglected and, when it shows any strength, boycotted.

The consequence of this situation is that the Catholic Church is regarded by men around it as no more than a sect, and a hostile sect at that, that is inclined to emphasize its particular organization, to put the framework of religion forward as though it was the whole of religion.

Our papers in that atmosphere have hardly ever been able to avoid falling into the rut of sectarian isolation. Their advertisements are the advertisements of Catholic schools and colleges, ecclesiastical furniture and the like. Their news has been news of the hierarchy, of the founding of the new missions, of the Vatican, of prominent Catholic men and women in their church aspect alone. The consequence has naturally been that our press has had no influence outside their own body. Its propaganda, to use a modern phrase, is confined to those who already accept, and is therefore wasted.

Now, I conceive that any literary effort, to do real good outside our body, to put us in our right place as the heirs and conservators and sole preservers of tradition and of civilization, can only be useful if it is on the first and not on this latter plan. Unless an article or book appeals to men upon general grounds, men cannot appreciate the strength of the Catholic foundation. What we need, if it can be done, is an organ which shall discuss all the big questions of the day with the strength, lucidity, certitude and intellectual superiority of the Catholic views in the most general and extended fashion.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Fake

HAVING tired (for the moment) of the bedroom as a box office stimulus, Mr. A. H. Woods now presents us with a sordid bit of stage mechanism by that hitherto graceful playwright, Frederick Lonsdale. In the words of the management's own publicity department, here is the theme of The Fake. "Is it, or is it not one's duty to remove from this earth those dangerous members of society whom the law can not legally restrain or kill?" The play itself seems to take the affirmative. Its "hero" deliberately murders an unfortunate victim of drink and drug.

It is interesting to add that the audience roundly applauds the "hero" for his deed—a result achieved by about as clever a bit of jury pleading as I have ever seen cast into the outward form of a play. For that is all The Fake amounts to. It creates a false situation, accepts absurd premises, and then proceeds to work upon sentiment and emotion until murder achieves the semblance of heroism. The play is aptly named. It is, from start to finish, colossal fake.

Ernest Stanton, an English member of Parliament, marries his daughter, Mavis, to Gerrard Pillick, a drunkard and dope fiend who has a blackmail hold upon him. Geoffrey Sands, Stanton's foreign business manager, knows Pillick's character well, but arrives in London too late to prevent the wedding. Six years later when things come to a difficult pass, Sands, disgusted at the whole performance, persuades Pillick to accompany him on a two weeks jaunt to St. Margaret's Bay. The last night of their trip, Sands tries, first, to make Pillick commit suicide, and failing that, to make him write a letter offering Mavis her freedom. This Pillick at last agrees to do, but Sands, apparently fearing subsequent treachery, decides to kill him instead, and puts an overdose of drug into his whiskey.

It would appear to the casual observer that there are quite enough murders nowadays, based on someone's private opinion that some one else ought to quit this earth, without having a Broadway hero hint that more of them would be justified. I say "hint," because Mr. Lonsdale has not yet to my knowledge had the courage of a Bernard Shaw to publish a preface and give us his own views forthright. We can only draw our conclusions from the skilful though visible mechanism by which sympathy for Goeffrey Sand's decision is worked up. Nor is there a suggestion of the obvious alternative that if English law fails to give a wife protection against her husband's cruelty and approaching insanity, it ought to be easier and wiser to change English law than to amend the ten commandments.

The play is very poor as a play because its characters are so obviously straw men that they fairly stink of insincerity and sham. It is dangerous and insidious as a spectacle, because (whatever Mr. Lonsdale's private intentions) it arouses sympathy and applause for a murder in cold blood based on the assumed right of an individual to decide who shall live and who not. Moreover, the power of suggestion in this play might conceivably lead to incalculable tragedy. The author in writing the play, and the management in presenting it, have assumed a serious responsibility. They have pandered to the gate money of sensation hunters. This is a harsh judgment and frank. To make it less so would be inexcusable.

Minick

IT demands true qualities of artistry to take the over-worked theme of two conflicting generations and handle it so deftly and sympathetically as to turn it into a fresh and amusing play. Our nerves are jaded by the exploits of the stage flapper, the stupidity of made-to-a-bad-order parents and the obvious comedy manufactured to mitigate or completely cover up a real tragedy. We have been waiting, or rather panting, for a play of youth and age that would come to grips with realities, forget juvenile protest and senile density, strive for artistic proportion and achieve sanity. Minick is that play.

Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman have written it, using as the basic material Miss Ferber's story of Old Man Minick. The play has wit, pleasant irony, a quiet humor unforced save in one act (even here the touch of farce is not unwelcome) and a happy understanding of both youth and age that give it a mellow softness and comfort. It has its sting, too—in that it does not attempt an impossible reconciliation of opposites. It ends in a very human and unsentimental compromise between stern facts and vain intentions. It is undoctored and unsugared life.

Father Minick, stranded with an income of a few hundred dollars a year, comes to live with his son Fred and his daughter-in-law Nettie, in their five room Chicago flat. They want to make him comfortable and happy. He wants to be independent and "no trouble." But his ways are not theirs. He either fails to share their interests or good-heartedly intrudes on them at the wrong time.

After six summer and fall months, the strain becomes acute. Nettie achieves a state of nerves. Fred is not even the male half of his own home—only an impatient and care-worn quarter. Nor is Father Minick any too happy. During the summer he has made friends with two park philosophers from the neighboring Old Men's Home—one of those club-like institutions where each man proudly pays his $300 a year for independence and daily pinochle. No outsiders are admitted to the Home's community room, and with winter coming, Father Minick must part company with his park friends. One or two fatal experiments in bringing them to Nettie's apartment eliminates that compromise.

Father Minick would like to apply for the next vacancy at the Home, but—and here, to my mind, is the crowning point of the play—he is afraid it will hurt Fred and Nettie's feelings. For their part, they urge him to stay because they cannot understand how thoroughly congenial he finds the Home—how vastly he prefers men of his own age and the assurance of daily pinochle to the thoughtless indifference and enforced solitude in his son's apartment. Just before the last curtain, Father Minick quietly steals off to the Home—happy in what he almost feels is a selfish decision.

Decidedly this is not a play of flapperdom. Nettie Minick—at least as the delightful Phyllis Povah plays her—is breaking into charming womanhood, impulsive, thoughtless and conscientious by turns, rather highly strung but sound to the core. She is not hunting self-expression, but rather home conservation. You like her; almost as much, in fact, as you like Father Minick. Minick is a good solvent for distraught tempers—admirably cast and richly endowed with unveneered truth.

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Conscience

Plays dealing with social questions, labor agitation and corrupt politics are fortunately not as frequent today as they were some ten years ago. Most of the dramatists are now dealing with highly personal problems, particularly problems of character formation, of the conflict of psychological types, and of the turmoil and restlessness in the individual soul. It is interesting to see how Conscience, which has as its background I. W. W. agitation in the Northwest, tries to meet and absorb the current mood and thus effect a compromise between the old and the new.

Conscience tells the story of an I. W. W. fanatic, who, having been separated from his wife by arrest, and finding on his return six months later that she has fallen by the wayside—not knowing the cause of his long absence—kills her rather than see her follow the life of pleasure she has learned to love. He then exiles himself to a cabin in the Yukon. Here in the loneliness and desolation, his mind begins to fail him; ghosts and memories come to haunt his seclusion; and he at length commits suicide by going out into the man-killing storm, repeating one of his wife's last phrases—"As long as you've got to die, what difference does it make how?"

As the play stands, it is obviously a story of utter disillusionment. It is quite possible that the author intended to show the complete futility of the philosophy of anarchy, its lack of sustaining power, and its destructive effect on the entire life of a man. But he has not, as a more skilful dramatist would have done, indicated the contrast of a sounder belief. As the play actually stands, and without any subtle reading between the lines, it is a story of fatalism—the helpless merging of an individual life into some great movement of the cosmos—the acceptance of external realities as the only measure of the value of life—and a plea, if you will, for the most fatal pacifism of the soul.

Due chiefly, I think, to the extraordinarily fine acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer on the New York stage, Madeline stands out as a character of real importance. Without her the play would be an impossibly dull hodge-podge. Miss Foster has made the utmost of rather poor material. Her acting is so good that you are rarely conscious of it. Conscience has served but one useful purpose—to bring before us a character actress of exceptional ability and personal charm. It will be a very pleasant experience to see Miss Foster in a play that is worthy of her.

THE SOURCE OF KLAN SENTIMENT

By HENRY J. FORD

The Ku Klux Klan, by John Moffatt Mecklin, Ph. D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

DR. MECKLIN'S study of the Klan is much the best treatise which has appeared on this subject. It gathers the facts thoroughly, arranges them well, surveys them calmly, and it tries hard to weigh them honestly. Dr. Mecklin is undoubtedly right in holding that the great spread of the Klan is not due to the attractiveness of its original design, but to the success of its management in tapping deep streams of prejudice and calumny in the hearts of the people—the sad heritage of the wars of religion. For although the Klan antagonizes Jews and Negroes also, Dr. Mecklin finds that "the Klan's anti-Catholic propaganda has won for it more members than anything else." As to that all observers are agreed.

The penetrating character of anti-Catholic prejudice is unconsciously exemplified by Dr. Mecklin himself, despite his honesty of purpose. It is clear that he thinks the Klan is not wrong in holding that there is an essential incompatibility between Catholic faith and one hundred percent Americanism, although he does not agree with the Klan that this has practical importance. He bears witness to "the unimpeachable patriotism of American Catholics," and he declares that "there is no more preposterous assumption than that put forward by Klan leaders to the effect that the Catholic church is a menace to the sovereignty of the American nation." He says truly that "the problem of the Klan is the problem of stubborn, uncritical mental stereotypes." And then he supplies evidence that although he doesn't know it, one of those stereotypes is pressing on his own mind. For he goes on to say that there is some justification of anti-Catholic sentiment in certain peculiarities of the Catholic Church. The longest chapter in the book is devoted to this subject, and in it we are told that the Catholic Church has these peculiarities—

> It is an ecclesiastical super-nationalism directed from a centre outside the bounds of American society.
>
> There are two sets of loyalties constantly bidding for the control of American Catholics. On the one hand, we have the intimate spiritual and institutional life of the Church with its international ramifications; on the other, the practical civic and social life of American Catholics as members of American society. Which is to take precedence?

If one can escape from stereotyped ideas and see things as they are, it soon appears that these are not peculiarities at all but are the common characteristics of every active ecclesiastical system. Any religious society in the United States sufficiently interested in the spread of its doctrines to send a missionary to a foreign field thereby enters upon a career of "ecclesiastical super-nationalism." Any other supposition would be energetically denied. There is no case on record in which missionaries have been willing to admit that their concern was the national advantage of the country from which they came. Their claim is always that their purpose is above and beyond differences of race or nationality. What is this but super-nationalism? As to that, it makes no difference whether the jurisdictional centre is inside or "outside of the bounds of American society." However good and great that seat of religious authority may be it is not yet the new Jerusalem, and it is not entitled to special privileges.

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Not even a Klansman would be so steeped in prejudice as to hold that Methodist missions directed from the United States have because of that fact a moral status different from that of Wesleyan missions directed from England, or Presbyterian missions directed from Scotland. It is only against the Catholic Church that geographical distinctions are drawn and the cry of foreign interference is raised when ecclesiastical action transcends national boundaries. The Methodist church may remove Dr. Tipple from his post at Rome without incurring reproach. The removal of Bishop Keane from the rectorship of the Catholic University is exhibited as a startling instance of foreign interference. Dr. Mecklin discusses it at length.

As to the "two sets of loyalties," every man who has a conscience is subject to them. On no point are Protestant divines so strong as that one should serve God rather than man. Denominational history enlarges with great gusto upon heroic conflicts with secular authority resulting from devotion to religious principles. Most of the Protestant sects of our times originated as revolts against religious observance prescribed by the state, and they love to tell about it. A great body of literature, in prose and in verse, celebrates the insubordination of the Puritans. Themes for eulogy have been found in resistance to law even on issues not directly involving religious opinion. There were zealots who agreed with Garrison in denouncing the Constitution as a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell, because it recognized the legal status of slavery. There is a school of New England writers whose works extol mob uprisings against the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Act, and relate the particulars with marked relish.

There is nothing peculiar in the position of Catholics as regards the possibility of conflict between religious obligation and the duty of civic obedience. What is peculiar is the power and extent of the means which Catholicism possesses for obviating such conflict. This is an aspect of the case which usually escapes notice because all that people generally think about is the tremendous conflict which did occur in the Reformation period, from conditions which have so completely disappeared that it is now almost impossible to realize their character. An attempt to do that encounters exactly the same difficulties which Bernard Shaw mentions in the case of Saint Joan. To see the facts in their "proper perspective you must understand Christendom and the Catholic Church, the Holy Roman empire and the Feudal system, as they existed and were understood in the Middle Ages." This is too stiff a task for any one. Even scientific history labors heavily under it, and popular history reeks with error and partiality. Its method is to hold the Catholic Church responsible for outrageous acts done by Catholics and to treat outrageous acts done by Protestants as being instances of individual delinquency

But if we keep to matters within the range of intelligent judgment, it is certainly a reasonable opinion that a citizen who has help and guidance from an institution whose jurisprudence reflects the experience of nearly twenty centuries is safer than one whose conduct is controlled by the enthusiasms and antipathies of the hour—just as a man who consults a prudent solicitor before taking an important step is more likely to keep out of trouble than he who acts from casual impulse. If we turn now to consider how far practical experience bears out this theoretical presumption, the abolition of slavery presents itself as a good case in point. In no place where Catholic influence prevailed was it an issue which arrayed citizens against the authority of the state or left permanent wounds upon the body-politic. And Catholic influence extended much farther than is commonly supposed. When Canning introduced his bill for gradual emancipation in the West Indies he acknowledged his indebtedness to Spanish precedents which he characterized as a model of humane procedure. The policy of Spain in that particular was due to the influence of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, all sensible men are now agreed that the fanatic violence with which this matter was treated in our own country has had miserable results. And is it not true, that in these times when political issues are hinging on social and economic questions of far-reaching importance, the advice of the Catholic Church is felt as a moderating influence promoting orderly adjustments?

No, the distinctions noted by Dr. Mecklin do not in fact exist. Ignorance is the sole source of honest antagonism to the Catholic Church. Dr. Mecklin calls attention to the fact that it is just where Catholics are fewest and where there is least knowledge about the Church as a working institution that prejudice is strongest. The remedy for darkness is not argument but light. If the Church were as well known on the American countryside as it is in the cities, it would be as impossible to organize Klaverns in the United States as it would be now in Germany.

BRIEFER MENTION

A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry, by Walter Clifford Meller, New York: Greenberg, Inc. $8.00.

THIS volume of studies on A Knight's Life in the Days of Chivalry includes among a number of interesting items an account of the customs of childbirth in these simple honest days. It seems that the babies were immediately washed and bound up in ligatures after the manner practised in the classic days of Rome, as shown in the frescoes unearthed at Pompeii. It was considered proper to baptize the new-born infant before it took any nourishment whatever. "At one period one sponsor alone was thought best to signify the Unity of God: three at another, to represent the blessed Trinity. The council of Trent at last decided that two sponsors only should be appointed." Sometimes the first morsel given the child was placed in his mouth at the point of his father's sword, to promote, it was said, a martial disposition in the infant. What the nurses thought of this procedure was not recorded.

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BOOKS

More Obiter Dicta, by Augustine Birrell. New York: Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

MORE Obiter Dicta is not a title that necessarily means the last if its kind, and Mr. Birrell happily makes no promise that it will be. He may yet imitate Mr. Max Beerbohm's cheerful sequences with a Still More, and a Yet Again; and wherever his footsteps move it will be pleasant and profitable to follow. His is a mellow wine and sparkling, "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." Before the days of Shaw and Chesterton he was making remarks as clever and dogmatic as theirs, and somewhat more amiable. He was at one time even aptheosized into a verb, "to birrell." Many have achieved their adjective; painters of any note become nouns; but out of one's characteristics to compose a verb is a triumph quite occasional and peculiar.

Mr. Birrell is a lawyer and a statesman, a distinguished and substantial man of affairs to whom literature has always been but an avocation. Hence the juristic term "Obiter Dicta," or casual side remarks, as distinguished from "Res Judicatae" the title of another of his earlier collections.

The first essay in this new Obiter, called Anti-humbug, is on Sir Leslie Stephen, to whom literature was a sole profession—as ascetic looking an intellectual as Mr. Lytton Strachey, and a humbug hunter or claptrap shooter possessed of an aim rather more deadly and deliberate than Mr. Birrell's. The professional critic is more sure of his aim than the amateur or incidental critic.

"The only fault I can find with Sir Leslie Stephen as a critic," Mr. Birrell writes, "is that he is so frightened of talking nonsense that he never reaches any altitude where the springs of knowledge are." Mr. Birrell himself never reached any appalling altitudes, perhaps for the same reason. But the remark is partly àpropos of Sir Leslie's comment on Mathew Arnold's "melancholy vein that deplores the withdrawing tide of religious belief." "I fail to appreciate," wrote in Leslie Stephen, "these musical moans over spilt milk."—"But," comments Mr. Birrell, "Arnold never shed any tears over milk spilt by himself.—A poet does not know his business if he cannot make fiddle strings of other people's feelings."

Both quotations are characteristic. But another may be allowed to comment in turn, that Arnold did in point of fact shed as many tears as most poets over spilt milk of his own, and those same musical moans on Dover Beach and elsewhere were concerned with a personal as well as a world-wide melancholy. I happen to like those moans, but I can appreciate Sir Leslie's not liking them. He states a fact about himself and states it accurately. But Mr. Birrell's off hand refutation is palpably erroneous in fact. A bluff and portly manner is no panacea against talking claptrap. Sir Leslie is the sounder writer of the two, even though less casually entertaining. "Arnold's religious opinions," says Mr. Birrell, "puzzle Stephen's practical mind." On the contrary they do not puzzle him at all, only he does not like them. The range of his sympathies was evidently limited, but he knows what he is saying; whereas Mr. Birrell does not notice what he is saying.

In the fifteenth essay here, on The Quarterly Review and Literature, he writes—"As for consolation, who was ever consoled by small beer of literature or science? It is Dr. Newman who asks the question, not I. Literature should be taken seriously but not too seriously."

The question, as asked by Newman, had a propriety of source as well as a difference in form, which it has lost in the transfer. Literature and science are not small beer; like other absorbing occupations and interests they daily bring consolation to thousands in trouble. The study and the cloister, whatever their various drawbacks, produce a criticism and a religion more searching, more thorough and more real, than do the market place and the street. They naturally would, and do.

The best critics, as a rule, are professional critics, as the best baseball players as a rule are professional. But for some reason or other, on some subjects like literature and education, there seems to be a common assumption that the man in the street, who comes forward with a hearty and emphatic—"Now let's get rid of claptrap!," is incapable of claptrap.

Apart from this assumption, not unnatural to a man of affairs to whom literature has been a side issue, and so declared—one has no quarrel with Mr. Birrell. These later Obiter Dicta seem more mellow, the outflow of a more comfortable mental wealth, than the more formal and set essays of the two earlier volumes. Nobody wants him less hearty and emphatic, any more than less pungently witty. It is not necessary for us to take his literary work as lightly as he takes it. He is no "man in the street," as regards literature, nor in fact an amateur nor incidental critic at all, but an accomplished man of letters, who will probably be so known to a later generation, rather than as a barrister and professor of law, or even as a Chief Secretary for Ireland. His collected essays are in three substantial volumes, and no lover of letters should miss his books on Andrew Marvell and William Hazlitt, or any new volumes of Obiter Dicta which he may hereafter issue.

ARTHUR COLTON.

Colombia, Land of Miracles, by Blair Niles. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

IT IS indeed a land of miracles that Mrs. Blair Niles describes in her new volume of wanderings—a country the exploration of which was an almost superhuman act in its conquering of the forbidding mountains and dominating the organized Indian nations. Unfortunately we must express some disappointment at the rather superficial treatment Mrs. Niles gives to this remarkable land and civilization. Her style is that affected by the authors of Christmas gift books, full of an amiable chatter, where we might have information. Her familiarity with the phases of native life seems more assumed than real to one who has lived among the Colombians.

The Emperor Charles IV, by Gerald Groveland Walsh. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THE biography of this Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, Charles IV, through the tangle of intrigues and disorders of the fourteenth century, is very ably traced in this prize-winning Marquis of Lothian Essay of 1923. It is a model of clarity and development, as well as a valuable contribution to a period dufficult for the serious historian.

The Catholic World (*New York*) for November, presents an unusually choice selection of features, among which there is an excellent biographical sketch of the late John Quinn, by James J. Walsh. Among the poems is a beautiful tribute from Charles Phillips to his friend, Charles Warren Stoddard. This is followed by an essay of fragrant pungency, the work of Hugh Allen, evidently an enthusiast in the vegetable garden, with the title of The Ancient and Honorable Onion.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"It seems to me that the most interesting thing in the last number of The Commonweal—"began Professor Hereticus, pausing significantly, and causing a stir of apprehension, tinged with amusement, in the Calvert Club's quiet corner. Tittivillus, that impish page boy, who is suspected of clandestine dealings with the K. K. K., drew near expectantly. Doctor Angelicus prepared to repel a charge. Professor Hereticus, or Diabolus Advocatus, as he is also known, is one of our most valued but difficult contributors. He does not share our beliefs. He does not like them. He thinks we are obscurantists, ultramontanes, reactionaries, mediaevalists, foes of freedom, obstacles on the Path of Progress, and other more or less dreadful things. Yet perversely he seems to enjoy our society, and to find some inexplicable attraction in our ideas. We relish his astringent, if sometimes rather vague and emotional, fulminations, but on this occasion, so soon after the appearance of our second number, we much preferred listening to the complimentary letters which the Business Manager was reading. So we were glad when Dr. Angelicus, in his sonorous voice, broke in before Hereticus could resume, saying: "But let us stop talking, for a while at least, about ourselves, and the good things in The Commonweal, or—" with a cock of one wise eye at Hereticus—"the poor things. Obsessive egotism is the plague of all editors and writers. Let us fight that swollen, monstrous vice—the true leprosy, or, anyhow, the flatulence, of the soul. We won't wholly succeed—the Lord help us, no—but the effort will be healthful. So, let us discuss one of our contemporaries—"

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"Ah!" said Primus Criticus, who'd been looking bored, "now you're talking! I've been going over the last issues of the New Republic, The Nation, The Saturday Review, Books, and, really—" "But I'm not talking scandal, or thinking of flaws to pick at, just now, P. Criticus," said Doctor Angelicus, severely. "I bear incense, not a pepper pot. I have found a pearl in the dusty purlieus of journalism. I wish to share my pleasure in it. If, then, you have not read Sherman P. Stuart's essay on George Moore, in Books by all means hasten to do so.

"It is the most remarkable, out-of-the-ordinary, well-written, and well thought-out thing I've read in many a day. It is so rare to find fundamental brain stuff in the journalism of our time that when one does find it surely it's a matter of duty to call attention to the rare phenomenon.

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"While just praise is bestowed upon Mr. Moore's marvelous writing, 'The most subtly fascinating refection that English palates have been invited to taste in years'; George Moore the man is depicted with a masterly precision of which the keynote may be found in the following phrases: 'Gratitude, being a virtue of the moral world, is not his talent'—for Mr. Moore, 'has avoided the burden of high and deep passions and all their august appeals by reducing everything in his experience to the level of a palatal, visual, auditive, or tactual sensation—friendship, religion, love and art itself.'

"It is a portrait of a man of the senses only—one from whom every sign of the moral and spiritual qualities of the soul has disappeared, atrophied by disuse, or injured by abuse. It is horrible, but I think it to be the true portrait of George Moore—a man to whom, finally, only two things seem to matter: his bodily sensations, and the ink with which he records those sensations."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"There's one good thing to say about Mr. Moore, anyhow," observed Statisticus, "his taste in wine is irreproachable. And soon, alas, that educated faculty may die out, among us in America. These new-fangled substitutes are deadly." "Ah, but in this season of the year, at least, there's always cider," said Hereticus, who on this subject is soundly orthodox. He is even pro-orthodox, believing only in ante-Reformation beverages like wine, mead, beer, and cider. Distilled spirits he thinks to be only dubiously Christian. "Have you heard the toast," he went on, "said to have been sung by the jury that vindicated Mr. John Philip Hill's right to home-made cider, in Baltimore recently? The foreman, you'll remember, asked the judge to send a jug of Mr. Hill's cider so that the jury could test its quality, and its alcoholic content. My Baltimore correspondent avers that the following carol was heard to issue, somewhat rowdily, from the jury room. I do not vouch for the fact. Strange legends abound too much in these prohibition days. Anyhow, this is the toast, apocrophal or not:

Here's to John P. Hill—John Philip Hill,
And to his blessed cider mill,
And all good souls who drink their fill.
Eleven percent of alcohol
Will never lead to any brawl—
So we, the jury, one and all,
Hands all around, and with a will,
Give: "John P. Hill! John (Fill up!) Hill!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The whole group, Dr. Angelicus leading, sang the toast at once, so noisily that if a really Earnest Foreigner (one of the many who so closely observe and who so voluminously report upon the eccentric behavior of Americans) had been among us taking notes, he might perhaps have formed the same opinion as that expressed by an English visitor to New York in the quaint days described by Mrs. Edith Wharton. The story is related by Mr. Egan in his Recollections as told by Mrs. Daniel Carey. In that period, it seems, the fashion in house furnishings "decreed crimson draperies and much black walnut. The drawing-room was especially crimson, and her uncle, the host, about to enter to receive his guests, heard one of the Englishmen say:

"How red all this is!"

"Yes," the other Englishman answered, "it's their Indian blood."

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NEW CONTRIBUTORS

JOHANNES JORGENSEN is the Danish author of many well-known studies of the life and times of St. Francis of Assisi.

RT. REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN is rector of The Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

HENRY J. FORD is professor of political science at Princeton and the author of Representative Government.

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS is the chaplain of the Catholic Club of Yale University.

JULES BOIS, the distinguished French essayist, psychologist and poet, has written, among other things in English, an Essay on Democracy.

THEODOSIA GARRISON is the author of The Joy of Life and Other Poems, and Earth Cry and Other Poems.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN, representative among the younger poets, is a frequent contributor to current periodicals.

MARGARET HILL SKINNER. This is Mrs. Skinner's first contribution to The Commonweal.

ARTHUR COLTON is a contributor to important reviews and the author of Harps Hung up in Babylon.

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